The True

CHARACTER

Of A

Rigid Presbyter:

With A

NARRATIVE

OF THE

Dangerous Deſignes of the Engliſh and Scotiſh

COVENANTERS,

As they have tended to the Ruine of our Church and Kingdom.

ALSO,

The Articles of their Dogmatical Faith,

And the inconſiſtency thereof with Monarchy.

To which is added,

A ſhort Hiſtory of the Engliſh Rebellion:

Compiled in VERSE,

By *MARCHAMONT NEDHAM*;

AND

Formerly extant, in his *Mercurius Pragmaticus*.

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To the

READER.

'TIs not unknown to the meaneſt Capacity (I preſume) that Presbytery has ever been a Faction of a very hot and fiery Conſtitution: And ſince this later Age has produc'd ſo many of theſe Hot-ſpurs and Pulpit-Firebrands, I did imagine 'twere no abuſe in me to divulge what our moſt refined Intellects have heretofore penned: for I do utterly diſown the Piece, as the iſſue of my own Brain; and am bound to confeſs, that it is but a Collection of what has been penned by the beſt of our Modern Age; onely huddled into the Mould of a Character; not out of any contradictory temper of my own, or a vindicative ſpirit, but to ſatisfie the world, that what heretofore hath been predicted or mentioned of them, they were reſolved

to manifest as an infallible truth; and prove that an Oracle, which was delivered onely as an Opinion. But 'tis inevitable, if we may give credit to what the Satyrist boldly and truely affirms:

Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem
Testa diu, *&c.*

The Vessel must of necessity relish of that Liquor that first it contained. Wherefore, since the Original of this pretended new Light of Religion was Rebellion, I am altogether ignorant of any Plea they have to a Jure Divino; *since to make GOD the Author of so horrid a Crime, were absolute Blasphemy.*

Perhaps, Reader, *thou art of an opinion contrary to what is here written; I confess, that for a time my mind was wandring too, till some Causes made me to reflect with an impartial Eye upon our present Government: Hereupon I took view of their Reasons and Judgements who I knew to be learned: and supposing they who wrote before these times were most likely to speak truth, as being unconcerned in our affairs, from them*

them I drew my Collections: then putting them in order; and comparing all together, they ſoon made a conqueſt over me and my opinion.

I know the high Talkers, the lighter and cenſorious part of people, will ſhoot many a bitter Arrow to wound my reputation, and charge me with levity and inconſtancy, becauſe I am not obſtinate like themſelves, againſt Conſcience, right Reaſon, Neceſſity, the cuſtom of all Nations, and the peace of our own. But this ſort of men, I reckon inter Bruta animantia; *among whom to do well, is to hear ill; who uſually ſpeak amiſs of thoſe things that they do not, or will not, underſtand.*

But prithee read, and then do what thou liſt. I have onely one word more, and that is to our Modern Phariſee, the Conſcientious Pretender: If he will not be convinced by clear Teſtimonies, but raiſe more duſt about our Ears to amaze the people, it muſt be concluded, that all this noiſe of Church-Reformation, Conſcience, and Covenant, is a meer malitious Deſigne to drive on a Faction, and ſet up themſelves in the ſeat of Authority.

Being convinced of the truth of theſe things, I conceive my ſelf obliged to ſatisfie others; and there-

therefore whatever I have been heretofore, I shall list myself henceforth,——

For King and Parliament.

Mercurius Pragmaticus.

The

THE

CHARACTER

OF

A Rigid Presbyter.

WITH

A Discovery of those dangerous Designes of the English and Scotish Covenanters, as they have tended to the ruine of our Church and State.

TO give you an exact Character of him, is impossible; he is as changeable as a *Proteus*: yet if you please to have his Genealogie *ab origine*, which may be said to resemble a Welch Pedigree, take it as it was left by one of the best Pens of this Modern Age.

Never was there such a monstrous Babe, as this ru-

ling & domineering Presbytery; the Father of it is Rebellion, the Mother Insurrection, the Midwife Sacrilege, the Nurse Covetousness, the Milk Schism, the Coats Armour, the Rattles Drums, a bloody Sword the Coral, Money the Babie it delights to play withal: it grows up to be a stripling, and goes to School to a Council of War; its Lesson is on the Trumpet, its Fescue a Pistol, its play-days the days of Battel, and black-Monday the Day of Judgement: it comes of age, and is married with a *Solemn League and Covenant*; it begets Children like it self, whose blessing upon them, is the power of the Sword; and whose imposition of Hands, are broken Pates. This Monster cries down the antient Catholick and Apostolick power which the Bishops had, and then takes it up again, and exercises it in a higher nature then ever Bishop did; even to the deposition of Kings, and the delivering them up to the Executioner.

Should we trace this viperous Brood from their first rise and original, we shall finde their Designes founded on Rebellion, to the ruine and destruction of the Prince and Bishop of *Geneva*, under whose Dominions the Faction first pullulated. 'Twould be too prolix, and inconsistent with a Character, to tell you how they have dealt likewise with our Princes here at home, verifying that Maxime,

NO BISHOP, NO KING.

But take a short Epitomy of their Actions in what followeth: And

First of *Geneva.*

Calvin with his Gladiators having expuls'd the Prince and Bishop of *Geneva*, erects a Government

so

ſo lofty and unexpected, that the People would have nothing to do, either with him or it; and thereupon baniſhed him: being in exile, he plots and contrives the pacification of the peoples fury, by inventing his new fangle of Lay-Elders, which made them ſharers in the Government, and endeared the people to him, ſo that all parties were agreed.

As for our Princes here at home,

Do but obſerve the behaviour of *Knox* and *Buchanan*, and the reſt of that Gang, to *Mary* Queen of Scots, as it is related by King *James* himſelf, in his Diſcourſe at *Hampton*-Court to the Presbytery. Theſe two pre-mentioned, *viz. Knox* and *Buchanan*, came to *Mary* Queen of Scots, telling her, That by right no Pope nor Potentate whatſoever had any ſuperiority over her, in her own Dominions, either in caſes Civil or Eccleſiaſtical, but that ſhe was Supreme in both, and conſtituted by GOD, as the only nurſing Mother of his Church within her own Kingdom; and therefore conjured her to have a care of the *Evangel* of Chriſt, as ſhe would anſwer it at the dreadful Day of Judgement: She firſt gives them her Ear, and at laſt her Authority; they make uſe of it in the firſt place to the pulling down of Biſhops, and exalted themſelves in their places; and when the Queen expected an abſolute Supremacie, behold, all that this Rabble would allow her, was not ſo much as to have one private Chappel for her ſelf, nor one Prieſt to ſerve GOD according to her own Conſcience. She finding her hopes fruſtrated, and her ſelf ſo much deluded, endeavours to recal her Authority; ſhe takes up Arms, they oppoſe her, combat her, beat her out of her Kingdom; ſhe flees

into *England* for refuge; they follow her with Invectives, thrust jealousie into the Queen of *England*'s Bosome concerning her; whereupon she was confined, and after a long and tedious imprisonment, put to death. Thus King *James* having put a period to his Discourse directed to Dr. *Reynolds*, *Knewstubs*, and the rest, turns to the Bishops, and closes his Oration with this Animadversion: *Wherefore, my Lords, I thank you for my Supremacie: for if it were at these mens disposals, I am very sensible what would become of it.*

If you desire to be satisfi'd concerning their dealings with King *James*, her Son, Father to the Martyr *CHARLES* the First, of blessed memory, you may finde it in his *Basilicon Doron: Crebræ adversus me in Tribunitiis Concionibus Calumniæ spargebantur; non quod ordinem aliquod designassem, sed quia Rex eram, quod omni crimine pejus habebatur.* Are these men fit to make good Subjects? Did they not convene him, and catechize him like a School-boy? Did he not protest unto his son *Henry*, that he hated their proud and haughty carriage, ever since he was ten years of age? Did he not say, That Monarchy and Presbytery agreed like GOD and the Devil? And have not we found it so, if we consider the carriage of our new-fangled Presbyterians in *England*, to *CHARLES* the First, his Son? But alas! I am mistaken, they fasted and pray'd, preached and writ against it, praying for a diversion of all such black intentions: and yet the Presbyterian took the Scepter out of his hand, in taking away the Militia, of which it was an Emblem; cast down his Throne, by depriving him of his Negative Voice; took his Crown, the Fountain of Honour, off his head, by denying those Honour, on whom

whom he had worthily conferred it, without them; took away his Supremacy, signifi'd by the sacred Unction, wherewith he was anointed, in denying him the Liberty of his Conscience, in the point of Episcopacie and Church-government: nor would they treat a minute with their King, till they had made him acknowledge himself guilty (as they say) of all the blood that had been spilt throughout his Dominions: and notwithstanding all the Concessions on his part, that could possibly be granted, even to the very grating of his Princely Conscience; when he bid them ask flesh from his bones, and he would not deny it, if it might in any measure redound to the benefit of his people, praying that he might keep his Conscience whole, (the Queen Regent of all good mens actions, and he hoped there were none would force this Queen before him in his house, as *Ahasuerus* said to *Haman*) yet not withstanding all this, was it voted unsatisfactory so long, till the Independent Army came from *Edinborough*, surprized and murdered him. He that said, The Presbyterian held him down by the Hair, while the Independents cut off his Head, said true enough. They murdered him as a King, before ever they murdered him as a Man: And when time serves, the Philosopher's Maxime will pass for good and currant Logique at Court, *Qui vult media ad finem, vult etiam & ipsum finem*; He that wills the means conducing to the end, wills also the end it self: *Ergo* (will the Royalists say) since the Presbyterian put such courses in practise, as tended to the King's ruine, they certainly intended it, and are as deeply guilty as others. Nay, may not the Independent say, You took off his Authority, and we took

off

off his Head; you made him no King, and we made him no Body; you made him a Man of Blood, and we treated him accordingly. Therefore at your doors, O ye Presbyterian Hypocrites, his innocent Blood is lay'd: nor is it any other then your Actions have been all along, and those committed by your Anceſtors to former Princes and Kings. But ſure there is ſome Excuſe remaining; they fought for Religion. I wonder when the Church did change her Weapons: Muſt Prayers and Tears be turn'd into Pike and Muſquet? Did GOD refuſe to have his Temple built by *David*, a Man after his own Heart, becauſe onely his hands were bloody? And will he now condeſcend to have his Church repair'd, and her Breaches made up with Skulls and Carcaſſes? Muſt Blood be tempered with the Mortar that muſt binde the Stones of his Temple in Unity? Or are the ſmitings of Brethrens ſtrokes fit to poliſh her Stones withal? Hath GOD refuſed the ſoft voice, to remain in thunder? Or hath his Spirit left the gentle poſture of deſcending down upon his Apoſtles, to the approaching of a mighty and ruſhing winde? To go about the reforming of a Church by humane ſtrength, is quite as oppoſite to the nature of Reformation, as is the going about the repairing of a Caſtle-Wall with a Needle and Thred. He that looks to finde ſuch ineſtimable goodneſs within Iron-ſides, may as well expect to finde a Pearl in a Lobſter. No, no, the Church muſt not be defended with Helmets, the Reſiſters of blows; but with Miters, which have received the cleft already; not by broken Pates, but by cloven Tongues; not by Men clad in Buff, but by Prieſts cloathed with Righteouſneſs. Deciſions in matters

of

of Faith, muſt not be determined by Armour of proof; nor did the Sword of the Spirit ever make way to the Conſcience by cutting through the Fleſh. He therefore who takes up Arms againſt his Soveraign with pretences of defending his Religion, doth but take ſuch courſes as are condemned by the ſame Religion he would defend: and indeed, he doth but make Religion his ſtalking-Horſe, to blinde him, whilſt he aims at that which he would have leaſt ſuſpect him; which when he hath effected, he means to get up upon the Horſe, and ride him at his pleaſure: they pretend the good of the Church, and intend nothing more but the Goods thereof; and like diſſembling Lapwings, make a ſhew of being neareſt the Neſt, when they are fartheſt off it.

But they fought for Liberty: Theſe are *piæ fraudes, & Religioſi doli*; pious Frauds, religious Deceits: for pray what Liberties did they fight for? If for Liberty of Conſcience, What do you mean thereby? If by Liberty of Conſcience, you mean, That it ſhall be lawful for every one to make a free choice of his own Religion, or to be of his own Opinion, theſe are things which we ought not to have, much leſs to fight for; for then let us not blame every *Painim*, that bakes his cake to the queen of heaven, or every ignorant Votary, who creeps to his own Image, or makes his own Idol: for in this kind of liberty we do but ſacrifice unto the net wherein we ſee our ſelves caught, and burn incenſe to the drag that hales us to deſtruction. Chriſtians are not to be at ſuch Liberty: looſe Chriſtians are but loſt men: true Chriſtians will be contented to be bound up in the Unity of the ſame Spirit, and with the bond of Peace: if the bond be broken,

the

the Sheaf of Corn is but so many loose Ears, and no way fit to be carried into the Lords Barn: if we be Sons and Daughters, let us belong all to one House; if we be Servants, let us be all of one Family; if we be lively Stones, let us be all of one Building; if we be several Grapes, yet let us be all of one Cluster; if we be several Clusters, let us be all of one Vine; if we be Saints, let us have a Communion: for this is it which is called the Communion of Saints; this is it which is called Religion, which is derived *à Religando*, which signifies, to binde. Wherefore for the Puritan not to think himself bound to those Articles the Church proposes, is to be of no Religion; and to fight for this, is to fight for nothing.

Perhaps the Presbyter may likewise maintain, that he fought for Liberty from Oppression: That is but a weak Excuse, and carries little of Reason or Sence in it: for there is not any Man or Woman, of what Quality or Condition soever he be, that understands what belongs to any such thing; unless it be some few that have liberty to do what they will with all the rest.

But what if they took up Arms for the property of the Subject? Alas! I presume the Subjects had then so altered the property of their Goods, that had they but the old properties restor'd, they would not think it good fighting for a new; their expectations being so much deceiv'd, that instead of fighting for the property of the Subject, they rather found themselves subject to have all things in common.

If for the Laws of the Land; Whose Laws were they? Were they not the King's? And was it probable that he would not maintain the Foundation of his

his Houſe from ſinking? Would he not maintain his Leggs under him? Were they not Supporters of that Body Politick whereof he was Head? Nay, does he not maintain himſelf, when he maintains them? for the King and his Laws may, without abſurdity, be compared to GOD and his Word, both inſeparable: for as GOD is the Word, and the Word is GOD; ſo the King is the Law, as the Life thereof; and the Law is the King, as the Body of that Soul. Wherefore there needed not any fighting againſt the King upon this account, except it were by thoſe who were ambitious to be Kings themſelves.

As for Priviledges of Parliament, which poſſibly may come into the number of their pretences: I have read of *Jack Cade*, in the Reign of *Richard* the Second, who coming up as far as *London*-Stone, and reſting himſelf thereon, vowed, That within three days, there ſhould be no other Law but what did proceed out of his own Mouth. Now if it ſtand with the Priviledges of Parliament, to have a few *Jack Cades*, relying on their *London*-Stones, to tell them what they muſt do, and they will have; if it ſtands with the Priviledges of the Presbyterian Parliament, to have Tumults to drive away their King, Armies to awe themſelves, Countries to ſend up their Inhabitants in Multitudes, with Petitions in their Hats, Cudgels in their Hands, and Threatnings in their Mouths, then they have fought to ſome purpoſe. *Speed's Chronicle.*

But admit the *Puritano*-Parliament fought for all theſe Particulars, ſo did the King too: ſo that the King might ſafely expoſtulate with his Parliament, as St. *Paul* did with the reſt of the Apoſtles: Are ye

Fighters for the Proteſtant Religion? ſo am I: Are you for the Liberties of the Subject? ſo am I: Are you for the Laws of the Land? ſo am I: Are you for the Priviledges of the Parliament? ſo am I: *And in all theſe things, I have laboured more abundantly then you all.*

Where lies the Quarrel then? It muſt of neceſſity conſiſt in nothing but this, That they did not believe one another: and in that they both fought for one and the ſame Thing, the means of Reconciliation is taken away: for, had they differ'd in their Grounds, the Law might have been Judge between them; Reaſon might be Judge, the World might be Judge; but *Rebus ſic ſtantibus*, inſtead of having reaſon to fight, they did but fight againſt Reaſon: both contended for the ſame Power, like the two Women that contended for the ſame Child: *Solomon* judged the Child to belong to her who would rather part with it all, then have the Child divided: Now the Parliament would have this powerful Child divided, half to the King, and half to themſelves; the King rather was contented to loſe all. In whom there is moſt affection and pity, in him is the Right of true Parentage.

But becauſe there were no *Solomons* in that Age, we will go the downright way to work.

The Presbyter fought in defence of the King's Perſon, Crown and Dignity; can you believe him? I'm ſure you may believe and be confident the King did. They took up Arms to unite him to his Parliament, and make him a moſt glorious Monarch, by reviling his ſacred Perſon, and beſpattering him with malevolent Tongues; did they not then fight upon falſe Grounds?

Grounds? Did they not give themſelves the lye? and ſhall they be believed ſtill? But inſtead of being inſtructed by *Solomons* divided Child, they divided their *Solomon*. But if they had remembred what ill luck the Nation ever had by impriſoning their Kings onely, they would have deſiſted ſpeedily from their helliſh Enterprize: for when they had impriſoned the old Lion and the young, within their Grates, the third *Henry* and his Son, did they not make the whole Land ſhake? Had not the whole Kingdom a ſhrewd Ague-fit at that very time? Did they not (like fire too cloſe beſieg'd with Clouds) ſally out in Thunder and Lightning, to the terrour and deſtruction of all thoſe that ſtood in the way? What ſucceſs had the impriſonment of *Edward* the Second? Upon his Impriſonment followed his Depoſition, and the murder of his Perſon was the conſequent of the depoſement of his Dignity. But what became of thoſe that were the occaſion of it, and did it? Is there one remaining of the Name of *Mortimer*? Was not that *Mortimer* who was the cauſe of his impriſonment, beheaded? Were not all thoſe who had a hand in it condignly puniſhed? Nay, was not the immediate Heir of this too much Conniver at his Fathers Sufferings, and too ready Accepter of his Fathers Office, impriſoned, depoſed and murdered? And pray ſatisfie me in this likewiſe, What ſucceſs had the impriſonment of *Richard* the Second? It coſt the Kingdom whole Ages of miſeries, 80 of her Nobility, and 100000 of her Commons, & the diſpoſing of all her Royal Roſes in their Buds, before they were half blown, until there was but one of a colour left in the Royal Garden of *Great Britain*; and they being married, made

a compoſure of Red and White, as bluſhing at the former Miſchiefs.

The Presbyter is a Zealous Dragooner, the Holy Man of War, that is ever beating up his Drums againſt Loyalty and Nobility: ſearch through the New Teſtament, and you may learn the Genealogie of our Saviour, by the Names in their Regiments; nor need the Muſter-Maſter uſe any other Liſt then the firſt Chapter of St. *Matthew*; which makes me admire how they could ever object to the King, the bringing in of Forraigners, when they themſelves maintain'd ſuch an Army of Hebrews. He is one that rifles Colledges, to promote Learning; and pulls down Churches, for Edification. He had once almoſt put out one of the Kingdoms Eyes, by clouding one of the Univerſities; and if that Scotch miſt had farther prevail'd, had extinguiſh'd the other. 'Twas never a good world, ſince the name of Church was turn'd into Kirk, and afterwards dwindled into a Conventicle; 'twas a ſad time ever ſince a feeble *By my truly* did walk the Streets as familiarly among us, as *Myn Heer* in *Holland*. But now we have his ſacred Majeſty reſtored to his right Title, we are confident of a better World, *Velit nolit Smectymnuus*, in ſpite of the Presbyters Teeth.

He is one that hath as little minde to do the Kingdom good, as the Church hath to lap holy-Water. He is a Pulpit *Bouteſeu*, that uſes to give the Congregation a Scotiſh Jigg, and ſo tune his Noſe with Hymns and Songs for the deſtruction of the Nobility of our Engliſh Nation; a Butcher that exercis'd his Function, *Cum Privilegio*, in former times, endeavouring to bring Loyalty to the Shambles: one that never

yet was quiet, till the Creatures of the Prerogative were all turn'd into the Pound together; till the Peers were pickled up with their King, to satisfie his ambitions on his Prince, and to feed on the Carcasses of the People. He is one that thinks it is his Priviledge, and would quote Scripture for't, *To binde the Kings and Nobles of the earth in chains:* and yet to dress out all for his more devout palate, the name of GOD must be placed in the front of his success, as if he were the onely Darling of the Almighty, or rather, as if he were President in all the Proceedings and Consultations of the Presbyterian Israel. His God is his Money, and therefore will rather make Money of GOD and the Church, then fail of an Inheritance. He did endeavour some few years past, to convert our Times into the Primitive; and made Great *CHARLES* wear Fig-leave Breeches, like *Adam*, by stripping him of his Royal Robes and Revenues.

As for the Scotish Presbyter, I am sorry I must waste Paper upon him: But being he hath ever endeavoured tooth and nail, according to his utmost ability, to make himself considerable by being troublesome, it will not be amiss to sound the depth of their constant Designes: which that I may the better do, give me leave to trace them in their Encroachments, from the first to the last, upon our English Nation.

When they first found themselves powerful in their own Country, they became most zealous in asserting the Presbyterian Discipline against the Episcopal; by which means they gained the Amity and Friendship of all the pretended Religious Party in *England:*

England: for they ſtood ſeemingly for no ſiniſter ends, but meerly for the purity of Religion, and Liberty of Conſcience, againſt Epiſcopal Power and Innovations, as they termed the moſt ancient Doctrine of the Church; as alſo, for the Laws and Liberties of the Nation, invaded by the Prerogative: for the redreſs of which Abuſes, a Parliament was call'd; who not obtaining ſuch a relief of forged Grievances, as they expected; pretended a conſtraint of taking up Arms in defence of their Liberties; and the Engliſh Zealots had recourſe to the Scots for their aſſiſtance, who immediately condeſcended thereunto, and thought it but Reaſon and Equity to joyn with them, without diſpute or ſcruple, (pretty tender-conſcienc'd Babes they were, in the interim! that's clear:) But they conſidering now was the time (if ever) to make their Markets, and their own Intereſt as much Engliſh as might be, came not off ſo roundly as they expected; wherefore they fell to bartering, like Huckſters, and no Bargain could be made, forſooth, without a Covenant: They would not joyn, except they might be (in a manner) all one with us; and this Union muſt be ſeal'd with that *Solemn League and Covenant:* What their meaning was therein, you ſhall underſtand by and by, by taking a view of their Actions, which are the moſt ſure Interpreters. *Yet even at that time, ſome men had their eyes in their heads, and many Objections were made at divers Expreſſions in the Covenant, and many Deſires for Explanations of ſome Articles more fully.* But the Scots ſtanding ſtiff upon their own Terms, and no Conjunction like to be obtain'd without the Covenant, and the Engliſh Presbyterians neceſſities requiring no delay, (as they imagin'd) were glad to take

take it as it was offer'd, without farther queſtion, or demur.

It was no ſooner taken here at *London*, but immediately every one began to make his advantages, (through the multitude and ambiguity of Expreſſions) and by it to promote his ſeveral Intereſt; as if it had been made to engage unto a particular Party, not to unite two Nations in a common Intereſt. But above all, the *Scots*, having had the honor of this invention, conceived themſelves much injur'd by any that deny'd them the Prerogative of making an Interpretation; and in matter of Religion, urged their own Diſcipline as the only Pattern to reform the Church by; and their Plea had been far better, could they have proved it to be [*According to the Word of GOD*] which Clauſe was moſt luckily inſerted. Notwithſtanding all the Reaſons to the contrary, the Scotiſh Module was ſtill preſſed: The Scot was willing to ride; and having (as he thought) the Engliſh faſt bridled with a Covenant, he began to ſwitch and ſpur: The Throne of the Kirk was the ſtalking-horſe to catch Geeſe; and if that could have been ſettled, then there had been no denying them whatſoever they could ask; they would have ſeated themſelves finely in this fat ſoil, and ſurely too; there would be no removing them out of our Councils, whereof they had then been Members and Partakers. For had the Kirk-Intereſt been once confirmed among us, then by vertue of that Authority which they uſe, to controle the Civil Power, the Parliament muſt have been ſubſervient to all their Ends and Purpoſes; and ſince the Engliſh Puritans had been (as they ſay) conſtrain'd (to make their Party ſtrong, and maintain Cor-

Correſpondencies for their own preſervation) to gratifie their Scotiſh Founders in all their Deſires; ſo that the Scots might eaſily have tranſlated the Covenant-Union, to as good as an abſolute National-Union, by gaining a Joynt-Intereſt with us, in our Affairs for ever; and conſequently, in all the Profits, great Offices, Councels and Concernments of this Nation.

Now whether this were their Deſign or not, in the Covenant, *ab origine*, I ſhall not now determine; but let it be judged by their inſolent behaviour here among us, after they were admitted to our Councils: And therefore in the next place, I ſhall examine their Proceedings, which moſt evidently repreſent them in their intentions.——It ſufficed them not after they were come in, that they had an equal Power with the Factions in the Committee at *Derby-Houſe*, which was allowed them; but driving a powerful Party in both Houſes, they took upon them to meddle with matters relating to the future peace and ſettlement of the Nation, much pretended, but not at all intended; and that diſtinct from their own too; and to provide for an equal Intereſt with the Presbytery of *England*.

The firſt moſt notorious Evidence of this (though there had been many before) was diſcovered at the *Uxbridge-Treaty*, where the Propoſitions of both Houſes being preſented to his Majeſty of bleſſed memory, it was found the Scots had ſo far provided for themſelves by their Party in the Houſes, That in time to come, the ordering of the Engliſh Militia, the power of making War and Peace, and all other Prerogatives of Government, were to be adminiſtred by

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a proportionable number of Scots, as well as English: A thing so ridiculous, and an Encroachment so palpable, that his Majesty, in one of his Answers, took notice of it, and said, *He was not so much an Enemy to the English Nation, as to signe those Propositions:* or somewhat (I'm confident) to that purpose.

A second Evidence or Discovery of their Encroachments, was made upon the delivering in divers papers to the Parliament, at several times, wherein they disputed their claim, and ventured their Logick upon the Letter of the Covenant, to prove an Interest in disposal of matters meerly relating to our welfare (as was thought;) which they re-inforced afterwards, with new recruits of Arguments, when the King came into their Army.

But not knowing how to maintain their Arguments, they were contented for that time to quit them, and the King too, upon such Terms as are notorious to all the world; who being at length reduced under the power of the Parliament and Army, Propositions were sent to him at *Hampton-Court*, wherein no such Provision being made for the Scotish Interest, as was in those at *Uxbridge*, their Commissioners here protested against them, accused the Parliament of Breach of Covenant, and complained highly in one of their Declarations, that they should be so neglected.

This may serve as a third Evidence of their Covenant-Design of Encroachment: Whereto may be added one more: When the King, Father of our most gratious Soveraign, was at *Carisbrook-Castle*, whither the Commissioners of Parliament were no sooner arrived with Propositions again, but the

Scots Commissioners were at hand, and for the same reason, provided furiously against them. By which insolent Demeanors and Expressions from time to time, and crying up the Covenant for their defence, it is clear enough what their intentions were when they urged it unto the Presbytery of this Nation; and notwithstanding all the specious pretences of Brotherly Love, their Designe in it hitherto, hath been onely to screw themselves into an equal Interest with this our Nation.

Having smelt out their Project thus far, give me leave to trace them on to the end, as succinctly as may be.

The Royal Party being suppress, and so no farther occasion to make use of the Scotish Army, the Parliament with some difficulty made a shift to send them home into their own Country; but being defeated of their Aims and Expectations, they could not so rest: Having failed of their Ends by pretending for Parliament, they resolved next to try what they could do upon the Kings Score; and so the Grandees turn'd the Tables, in hope of an after-Game, by closing with Duke *Hamilton*, upon the Royal Account; not doubting, but if they gain'd the Day this way, to recompence their Travels with much more advantage. The Covenant, like a *Nose of Wax*, apt to be turned any way, served this Enterprize every jot as well as the former; though the Designe were different from what it was, the Great ones not caring much what became of the Kirk-Interest, since they had agreed for the security of their own; which must needs have been very considerable, if they could have redeemed

deemed his Majesty, and restored him into the condition of an absolute Monarch. Therefore the Kirk seeing themselves left in the lurch, thundered out their Curses amain, upon that hypocritical Engagement, as destructive to the Covenant.

But the Grandees being at a loss likewise, upon Duke *Hamilton*'s Defeat, were glad to cry *Peccavi* to the Kirk.

Within a while after, a new Door of Hope being opened to them, by the Right of Succession which they knew belonged to his present MAJESTY; they to ingratiate with him, proclaim him their King: and here the Grandees and the Kirk joyning hands again, become Friends, and offer their service for his Restitution upon Terms of the Covenant, which was pretended to be framed at first for the preservation of the Parliament, and the Liberties of the people, against Regal power; but is, now that the Scots can serve their Design no longer that way, become the ground of their compliance with his MAJESTY; being resolved this way, since they have failed in all the rest, to try whether they could accomplish their profane Projects through the Covenant, by insinuating themselves into places of Honour, Profit and Power, that they may domineer in the Possessions, as their *Pharisaical Priests* would over the Consciences of the English.

Thus having made way, in discovering what the Design of the Scots hath ever been, and is at this instant; certainly no Man, that is Master of a true English Spirit, but will abhor the Hypocritical Pretences and Encroachments of that perfidious Nation.

Therefore it being evident that their Deſigne in urging the Covenant upon the Presbyterian here in *England*, was only to inſinuate themſelves into an equal Intereſt with our own Nation; I ſhall in the next place, diſcover the great Inconveniencies and Hazards that our Nation muſt of neceſſity have undergone, in caſe it ſhould happen as they ever endeavour'd, to be knit together in a National Union.

A National Union hath been often whiſpered among them heretofore; and there's no doubt but they would bid high for it, if ever they have occaſion; and then it muſt needs have been a very fine world, when we had been confounded with a miſcellany of Scotiſh and Engliſh; when Scots ſhould have been competitors with us in point of priviledge, vie wealth with us in our Poſſeſſions, Honours and Dignities; and they would either have impos'd new Laws upon us, or alter'd the old, according as they judg'd it for their advantage; for a Scotch Covenanters ſtomach will allow no diſtinction betwixt Presbyter and Independent, but can digeſt the Eſtate of an Engliſh Covenanter, without ſo much as a ſcruple of regret or compaſſion.

But it is a very great wonder, ſince the ſtage-play of the Covenant, and the Actors are brought on this ſide the Curtain, and we know what they are, through all their Diſguiſes, and what they aim at, that yet many of our Engliſh Nation ſhould be ſo ſtupid as to be led away with their cheats and pretences for a Reformation; ſince it is evident that their chief Leaders and Sticklers gape onely after Profit and Preferment, and (according to the cuſtome of all Forraigners in Arms) will make no diſtinction between Friend

Friend and Foe, ſo they may ſatisfie their covetous and ambitious ends.

And for a concluſion to the whole, as to their actions, that theſe particulars may appear more ſolid then meer inſinuation, give me leave to confirm what we have ſaid concerning them, by ſome Authentick Examples; it being an ordinary caſe in the World, That * Commonwealths and Kingdoms have been often oppreſs'd by thoſe Forraigners, that came, or were invited in, as Friends, to give their aſſiſtance; and ſo would they have done undoubtedly, had their power been ſuitable to their will.

* *Ab iſtis exercitibus quos defendendi ſui cauſa attraxerunt evertuntur.* Peucer. *Auxiliatores ut ſolet fieri, poſteà fiunt Domini.* Strigel. 2 Paralip. 28.

Here before I proceed, let me call to minde a ſtory of the Hedgehog in the Fable, who being almoſt dead with cold, chanced to light upon a Foxes Kennel; where, asking for entertainment, the Fox more compaſſionate then wiſe, grants his Requeſt: but the Hedghog, as ſoon as he recovered warmth, began to briſtle and prick the Fox; who complaining of his unworthy carriage, the Hedghog made anſwer, *That if he found him troubleſome, he might leave him, and ſeek a new Lodging.* I ſhall leave the Application to thoſe that would entertain the Scots as Friends, to conſider whether they ſhould finde more courteſie from them, if they had power here, then the Fox did from the Hedghog, or then other Nations have had from the friendly pretences of forraign Auxiliaries.

Concerning this, there are ſeveral Preſidents.

The *Macedonians* being invited by the *Thebans*, to aſſiſt them againſt the *Phocians*, made Juſtin.

a shift not onely to seat themselves among the *Thebans*, but under the conduct of King *Philip*, made way to the Conquest of all *Greece*.

Xenophon, li.7. So the *Persians*, coming as Friends to aid one party in a Civil Division in *Caria*, suppress'd both, and depriv'd that Commonwealth of its liberty.

And the *Carthaginians* in the first *Punick* War, received more prejudice from the *Celtæ*, their Confederates and Brethren in Covenant, then from the *Romans*, their Enemies.

Pezel.par.4. pag.613. The *Goths* and *Vandals*, being invited by the Emperor *Theodosius* for his assistance, deprived him of *Italy* and *Spain*. Afterwards, the *Longbeards*, or *Lombards*, being called in by *Narses*, against the *Goths*, seated themselves for above 200 years in that part of *Italy*, which from them, was called *Lombardy*.

Circa Annum Christi 870. Chytræus in Apoc. cap.9. A quarrel happening between the two *Saracen Sultans* of *Persia* and *Babylon*, the *Persian* called in the Turks, under the conduct of their Captain *Tangrolipix*, out of *Scythia*, who seated themselves first in a part of his Dominions.

In the time of the Emperour *Frederick* the Third, the Princes of *Italy* being in contention, the Pope called in the *Spaniard*, and several other Princes, to compose the Quarrel; which being done, a new one arose betwixt the Auxiliary Princes, for the Lordship of *Italy*; but the *Spaniard* drave away the rest, and made bold to keep possession himself.

In Chron. Phil.li.5.

Thus likewise the *Spaniards* being invited into *Sicily* and

and *Naples*, to free them from the *French*, did indeed expel the *French*, but poſſeſſed both Kingdoms themſelves.

On the other ſide, a controverſie ariſing betwixt *Lewis*, and *John Sforza*, for the Dutchy of *Millain*; *John* called in the *Spaniards* to his party, and *Lewis* the *French*; but the *French* driving *John* and the *Spaniards* away, made themſelves at that time Maſters of the *Dukedom*, and carried their Friend *Lewis* priſoner into *France*.

Thus, in old time, our Anceſtors, the Saxons, being called in by *Vortigern*, the Britiſh King, to aſſiſt him againſt the Invaſions of the *Picts* and *Scots*, turn'd their Arms againſt the *Britains*, and driving them into *Wales*, tranſmitted the poſſeſſion of this Iſland, to us their poſterity. Sam. Daniel.

So the *Scots* likewiſe (as *Bodin* affirms) being called in to the aſſiſtance of the *Picts* againſt the *Britains*, poſſeſt themſelves of the beſt part of that Kingdom, which they hold at this day. John Bodin. li. 5. cap. 5.

And now I would fain know of the Admirers of the Scotiſh Nation, what aſſurance they can have, notwithſtanding their fiue Flouriſhes of pretended Friendſhip, that they ſhould not ſerve us, as their Anceſtors did the *Picts*; or as others did other Nations, whom they oppreſt under as glorious pretences, in caſe they ſhould get the power into their hand; eſpecially ſince of late time they have made ſo many palpable Diſcoveries of Encroachment upon the Engliſh.

Seeing

Seeing therefore, that their Covenant-Cauſe appears a Cauſe for Intrenchment upon our National Intereſt, rather then for Religion or Monarchy; I may reaſonably conclude, That it concerns all Parties whatſoever (if not for the miſery that would follow it, yet out of a deteſtation of their Deſignes and Endeavours) to ſhake them off, and utterly relinquiſh them.

As for the Engliſh Presbytery, whence it was, hath been manifeſted already; but for what ends brought into *England*, is not here to be diſputed: But if we ſhould grant the intentions of its firſt Fautors to be pure in the Fountain, (as they would fain maintain, though we are ſatisfi'd to the contrary) yet it appears polluted in the ſtreams, by the corruption of their Succeſſors: for, as the Primitive Pretences of it were high and glorious, in its infancy; ſo being grown up to maturity, it hath (after the manner of all other things that participate of worldly mixtures) in time contracted ſo many Adulterations of worldly Intereſt, that it hath loſt the Beauty which it once appeared to have, and ſerves every Sophiſter, as a Cloak to cover his ambitious Deſignes.

But ſince it is arrived, notwithſtanding, to ſuch a height, in the opinion of many, as to be cried up for the onely Pattern of Government under the Goſpel, this is to be imputed to the blinde Zeal of thoſe that are miſled, and the Deceitfulneſs of the Leaders, rather then the intention of its Author, Mr. *Calvin*, as it appears: for he never ſeem'd to ſtretch his Module ſo far, as the Neceſſity and Univerſality of a *DIVINE RIGHT*; but ſeems onely to have hewn

hewn part of the Building out of the Rock of the Scriptures, and piec'd up the residue by politique Rules, such as he conceiv'd might sound nearest the Text, and serve most conveniently to cement the disjoynted Members of the then broken and tumultuous Common-wealth of *Geneva*, into an intire and well-compacted Body.

It was no sooner lick'd into Form there, but (as it is the fate of all things new) it began to be much extoll'd and admir'd; and the fame thereof spreading in *England*, as well as other parts, wrought in many of our *Country-men*, an itching desire to go thither, and instruct themselves in the Nature and Customs of the Government; where, of Spectators, they soon became Proselytes; and returning home with new affections, look'd with an Eye of Disdain upon the Bishops, as if themselves had indeed found out the Pattern in the Mount, because (forsooth) the words, *Presbytery*, *Elder*, *Deacon* and *Assembly*, &c. sound more Gospel-like, then *Diocess*, *Church-warden*, *Arch-deacon*, and *High-Commission*, &c. With these Terms the * ordinary sort of Religious Persons, not able to see through the Shell of words, into the Kernell or substance of the business, were easily led to a belief of high matters; whereas this new form, like the *Trojan* Horse, brought an Army of Mischiefs in the belly of it, which have of late years been sufficiently discovered.

* *Maxima pars vulgi capitur Ambagibus.*

For immediately after the Episcopal Form was abolished here, as corrupt and Antichristian, the chief Sticklers of the Presbyterian Faction began to shew their Teeth; and sitting in an Assembly cheek by

jole with the Parliament, intermedled with their Affairs, laboured to twist their Church-Discipline with the interest of State; claimed in their open Pleas, Discourses, and their Confession of Faith, a Power in themselves, distinct from the Civil, and demanded the voting of this in both Houses, as *Jure Divino*, that so by degrees they might creep, till they had got to such a height, that none should be sole Lords and Masters, but they and their Confederates.

These, and many other pranks they play'd, in hope to erect their intended Domination: And though (being often requited) they were never able to shew their Pedegree from the Apostles, or derive the Lineaments of their Form from the Body of the Scripture; yet they prest it on still, and wanted not their Party in Parliament, with the assistance of the Scots (whose Intereest it was) to second them. But all is blasted, and their specious pretences found out to be nothing but Hypocrisie and Dissimulation.

Yet were there perpetually, when they found their Cause to falter, Presbyterian Juglings in private, Murmurings abroad, and Mutinies in the Pulpit; such well-acted Lamentations for the glory of the Kirk departing, and the loss of their *Diana*, that every Prayer was a Stratagem, and most Sermons meer Plots against the Government they lived under.

Thus the nature of their Designe being discovered, give me leave in the next place to manifest the vanity of their Hopes, that if men will not forbear for shame of its hypocrisie, they may yet, in consideration of the many sad Consequents which may follow.

For

For though they use all possible means to draw in the Royal Party to their own, yet it can never be effected: for the Royalists look upon them still (and that not without apparent reason) as the Authors of their misery; for they reduc'd our most sacred King *CHARLES* the first, *Diminutione Capitis*, in the condition of a Captive; they spoil'd him as a King, before others executed him as a private Man; they depriv'd him of his Earthly Crown, and kept him languishing; whereas a reverend Father of the Church says, * *Others were more cautious in sending him to an Heavenly.*

* See the Irish Bishop's Sermon at the *Hague*, in print.

As for the inconveniences which the Presbyterian Designe would bring upon the whole Nation, guess at them by these following Particulars.

Besides the many Mischiefs it would bring upon the Nation in general, the Royalist can no ways be content with it; nor indeed, have they any Reason for't, being absolutely destructive to Regal Dignity.

It never was embraced yet, by any one Nation, in a National Form, but by *Scotland*; this, as * Quoted before, was done in the Minority of King *James*, when the Scotch Lairds and Clergy doing all as they listed, at length parted stakes, (though the Clergy then got, and still hold the better) that when he came to age, he found the Fable of *Ixion*'s Fate moralized upon himself: for, as he embraced a Cloud, in stead of a Goddess; so the King, when he thought to grasp his Scepter, laid hold on a Manacle,

* See the Case of the Kingdom stated. *Anno* 1647.

which kept his hands so fast, during his abode there, that he could never act but what they pleas'd to let him, according to their own Directory of Church and State. And in process of time, this Heat of Presbytery proved such an Hectiq; in the Body politick of *Scotland*, that the substance of Kingly power was utterly consumed (and nothing left) as we see at this day, but the bare Bones, the very *Skeleton* of Monarchy.

But 'tis taken *pro confesso*, the Presbyterian would have a King; yet such a one as should only bear the Name, a Scare-Crow of Royalty: and he does pretend to maintain the Monarchical Form, yet actually destroys the very Fundamentals of Monarchy. Now what prejudice will it be to us, if this Discipline should take? for besides, though this mad Presbyterian Form destroys Bishops, and clips the wings of Regality, it will not be so contented, but intrench also upon the Gentry in their own Lordships, by a strange way of Parochial Tyranny, and bring all People into the condition of meer Galley-slaves, while the blinde Priests sit at stern, and their Hackney-Dependents, the Elders, hold an Oar in every Boat.

Now were these Priests seated here (as they are in *Scotland*) in a sure Succession (as it hath been long since * observed in Print) a correspondency being cherished between a Clergy of the same Garb and Humour, in both Countreys; they might finely toss Thunderbolts of Excommunication on both sides, to gratifie each other, and so be able to terrifie all persons that dust be averse in either Na-

* See the Case of the Kingdom stated. *vt supra.*

Nation; and promote ſuch onely to places of Honor and Profit, whoſe poorer ſpirits will vaſſalize their Genius to ſerve the ends of the Kirk-Domination. And this it was that at firſt cauſed ſo much bauling about the Covenant.

Beſides, one Reaſon more why Presbytery is ſo much deſtructive, is, becauſe of the * Popiſh Trick taken up by the Presbyterian Prieſts, in drawing all ſecular Affairs, within the compaſs of their ſpiritual Juriſdiction, And this they do, by means of that awe wherein they pretend to hold the Conſciences of Magiſtrate and People; the one being lyable, as well as the other, by Suſpenſions and Excommunications, to be exploded at pleaſure, as ſcandalous ſinners. This appears by that large extent of their Authority, in judging of ſcandalous ſins, which reaches almoſt to every action of humane life; ſo that all the people, beſides their Favourites, (from the Counſeller to the Begger) muſt at every Turn ſtoop like Aſſes, to be ridden by them and their Arbitrary Aſſemblies.

* *In ordine ad ſpiritualia.*

Now therefore conſidering what the Nature and Deſigne of the Presbytery is, and what miſchievous inconveniences muſt unavoidably follow it; I leave it to every reaſonable man, whether he thinks he ought not diſengage himſelf from that unreaſonable and factious Party.

But I muſt not leave him thus; I have a VVord or two more for him, like it, or leave it.

He is one whoſe Loyns are far more fruitful then his Brain, and the Iſſue of both, alike ſpurious. He is one of the more ſerious Rabbies of the time; a Linſey-

Linsey-woolsey Elder of the people, who weaves his home-spun Lectures with News and Divinity, and dresses all his Politicks and Discourses in a Scripture-mode, to make them passe the more currant among his Profelytes; and yet will set both Scripture and Conscience upon the wrack to bring about his own end. He has ever had an ambition to ride a Cock-horse upon *Jure Divino*: but sure men will have more wit, then to be ridden like Asses, or the foals of Asses, by the Babylonish *Jockies*, notwithstanding their *Jus divinum*.

He came out of *Scotland* mounted on a Galloway-Nag, to Westminster at first, and the Houses were fain to furnish him with Provender; therefore it would be but impudence in him to think to prance and caper as he has done heretofore. He can sing a *Hosanna* to the Mother-Kirk, and will offer to conjure up Saint *Peter* and Saint *Paul*, with all the rest of the Disciples and Primitive Saints, to bear witness to her Christendome, unlesse it be *Timothy* and *Titus*, whom they look upon as Bishops, and so no competent witnesses touching the right of Classicall or Congregational Elderships. He will be sure to cry down the Divine Right of Episcopacy, and so be the cause, that like wild Beasts without Bridling, Men wander and range as they please, with all Licentiousness in Doctrine and Manners, and run over all the Boundaries of Civil Relations or Propriety, to make way for a Pious Parity and Communion, whereby we may all walk together in pure Familiarity, without either respect of Persons or Sexes. He has a Motley Face, and a Medley Conscience; and 'tis a thousand pities but that his Picture should be

taken

taken after the fashion of those squint *Italian* Pieces, which present a Saint on one side, and a Monster on the other.

He's a divine *Jocky*, that drives as furiously as *Jehu*; and will run out of his small Wits with switch and spur, for preferment. He could willingly creep into the Vice-Chancellour's Scarlet, or the Deanery of *Christ-Church*; and if he does at any time, 'tis translated into the name of *Mastership*; to shew that he never intended Reformation should reach any farther then to change the prophane names of *Bishops* and *Deans*, into *Elders* and *Deacons*; who may enjoy the old Possessions under a new Form, without such unsanctified and superstitious Titles, which are the onely stumbling-blocks to the converted Gentiles, in the High-way of Sacriledge.

He's a vile Cobler of Controversie, a dull a la mode-Reformer, a Translator of Antiquity, that hath pull'd the Church all to pieces, and knows not how to patch it up again; that hath shaken the very Fundamentals of Religion, and then endeavours to bungle it with odde topperies of his own invention: for the ancient Creed of the Church being quite out of fashion, he has cut out a Confession of faith, according to the large proportion of his own VVisdom; and wyre-drawn the business above twenty yards in measure beyond the *Alcoran* or *Talmud*. He is one that drives a great Trade in the Trafficks of rich Livings, betwixt *London* and the Country; and so gets a pretty Revenue to hold up Usury, and find Candles of Consolation to cherish his Zeal, and leave Portions to the Children of *Presbytery*.

He Is a Stoical Pretender, a Mammonist, an Epicure

of

of the Long Robe, and delights infinitely to bathe himself in the Golden Streams of Sacriledge. He's a bleating Bell-Weather of the General Assembly; and wheresoever there appears any Loyalty, he gives an Alarm to his Lung-pipes immediately; then out comes the Son of the Kirk in array, with all the Bag and Baggage of Use and Application, to bring up the Rear of his Sermon. Nay, rather then fail, Antichrist and Monarchy shall both be brought together to the Stake, and baited by the mad Dogs of the times, to inflame the Multitude.

But though they have done this over and over, 'tis all to no purpose: for the Bag-pipes draw little or no Company at all now; and are as little regarded as Ballad-singers, that are alwayes in one Tune. *Reformation* and *Chevy-Chase* are much of the same credit and standing. And since the people have seen Covenant and Concupiscence (the two Twins of our Mother-Kirk) walk hand in hand together, they are willing now to part them. He's a holy Bellows-mender of the flea-bitten Synod, that knows how (upon any occasion) to blow the coals of the Altar, to make a Sacrifice of Cities and Kingdomes. Be confident that he acknowledges no Holy-days, because there is superstition in *Easter*, but none in Usury; and he is not at leasure to minde the Resurrection, or *seek those things that are above*, having so much to dispatch about Traffick here below; which business he prosecutes with extreme devotion. But if you see him upon a Fast day, at a Summers Exercise, when he baits his Text, and himself into a Bathe, you would take him in the Pulpit, for *Cornelius* in his Tub; and if a *Cavalier* chance to preach on Good-Friday,

Friday, be confident he's clapt in priſon, to ſhew unto the world, that their Eaſter-Devotions are ſuitable unto their Chriſtmas; and that they care as little for the ſufferings, as the birth of our Saviour. For Zeal (forſooth) that fiery Goſſip will not permit an Union with the Cavaliers, by any means, unleſs they will yeild to have their Conſciences crampt with the Covenant. He's a Divine Puppit that is trimm'd and trick'd up with the fine Phant'ſies of the Directory, and Confeſſion of the New Cut; as alſo all the Whimſies of the Modiſh-Garb of reforming. He's a true *Boanerges* of the Kirk, that can level his Thunder-bolts againſt all ſuch as ſhall preſume to be obedient to their Civil Governors. Nor are the Governours in any better condition then the people; for they are affronted by every ranting Presbyter, that raves in the Pulpit, like a Conjurer in his Circle; and dares firſt raiſe the Devil with falſe Doctrine, and then deliver up to him all the Peers of the Realm by an Excommunication: from whence there can be no redemption, but at ſuch a rate, as ſhall coſt them the beſt of their Priviledges, and make them untruſs upon the Cloſe-ſtool of Antichriſt, better known by the name of the Stool of Repentance. He is never well but when he is riding both King *, Lords and Commons at his pleaſure, and whipping them on with ſharp Cenſures, that like tame Mules of the Kirk, they may carry all the Bag and Baggage of the Brethren to the promiſed Land, whither they have ever been journying to fetch that pattern out of the Mount, which will make us all weary of our lives, if we ever be ſo mad as to entertain it when they get it. But if theſe preſent times hold,

* *GOD bleſs his Majeſty.*

wherein Loyalty flouriſhes, and Majeſty ſways the Scepter; the blew Sir *Johns* may return to their ten pounds *per annum*, and *Sunday-pudding:* which is a ſad thing to think on, and will ſooner break the hearts, then the bellies, of the fat Calves of Reformation.

In fine, Mr. *John* is all Zeal, no Knowledge; all Purity, no Humility; all Simplicity, no Honeſty: and if you never truſt him, he will never deceive you. Now as for the Northern Fraternity, whoſe brotherly Zeal tranſported them heretofore on this ſide *Jordan*, to help drive out the Amorite and Hittite, Heaven ſend them the bleſſing of *Encreaſe and multiply*, at home; ſuffer Presbytery and Bag-pipes to flouriſh beyond *Berwick*; and keep them (for the future) from making a Mouſe-trap of the Covenant to catch Engliſhmen; and ſend them good ſtore of Charity and Succeſs to plant their Diſcipline where more need is among their Brethren, the ſons of *Anak*, in the *Highlands*.

To conclude, take this ſhort Deſcription of our Presbyterian-*Jehu*, as it was formerly penned by divers that in other Ages had experience of him.

A Presbyter is an Eſſence that needs a double Definition: for he is not what he appears to be. He's a Church-Rebel, or one that would exclude Order, that his Brain might rule. In things but Ceremonial, will ſpurn at the grave authority of the Church; and out of needleſs nicety, be a Thief to himſelf of thoſe Benefits that God hath beſtowed on him. A Thing of ſo croſs-grain'd a temper, that ſhould the Church

Church enjoyn clean Shirrs, he'd wear such as were lowsie. Shew him a Ring, he runs back like a Bear, and hates square-dealing, as being allyed to Caps: A pair of Organs blow him out of the Parish, and is the onely Glister-pipe to cool him: A Surplice will sooner cure him of the Chin-cough, then the sight of a Bear. He is a diseas'd piece of *Apocrypha*; bind him to the Bible, and he corrupts the whole Text: *Ignorance*, and *Fat Feed*, are his Founders; his Nurse is *Railing Rabbies*, and *Roman Breeches*; his life is but a borrow'd blast of wind: for between two Religions, as between two Doors, he is ever whistling. Truly, whose Child he is, is not yet known; for his Faith willingly knows no father. When he makes a Speech, 'tis somewhat ominously with his Neck awry, as if *Mahomet*'s Pigeon should come and prompt him in the Ear. He gluts himself with Sacrilege, fearing no surfeit upon the sweet Morsels of the Crown and Cathedrals: He fasts once a moneth, and feasts all the year after, to starve Loyalty quite out of the Kingdom: His tender Conscience can strain at a Gnat, and swallow a Camel: The flame of his Zeal shin'd so brightly, that it once converted all the Ornaments of the *Church* into Tinder, to furnish his own phansie with new Lights. He turns the Church into a stable, and stables into Churches, that our Saviour might be preach'd where he was born. *Reformation* is his stalking-horse; and though he be no *Roman Catholick*, yet he is a *Parish-Pope*; one that knows no subjection to *Mitre* or *Scepter*: No Jesuite demands more blind and absolute obedience from his Vassals; no Magistrate of the canting society, more slavish subjection from the Members of that travelling state, then the Presbyterian Hypocrite expects from his

Lay-Pupil. Nay, they must not onely be obeyed, fed and defended, but admired; and that their Lay-Proselytes do as sincerely, as a shirtless Fellow with a Cudgel under his arm, does a Face-wringing Ballad-singer. 'Tis a demure creature full of Oral sanctity, and Mental impiety; a fair Object to the Eye, but stark naught to the Understanding. He holds it lawful to steal, so it be from the wicked Egyptians. He hates no Wore, like the Whore of *Babylon*. If he meet *per accidens* with a *Tabitha*, he can court her with a *Hail Sister* to be her Incumbent; and perswade her 'tis the pr—— of Zeal that moves him forward. He's a snuffling Rabby known by these marks; a long-wasted Conscience that can out-stride a Colossus, a Gnomon-Nose, a wrought Cap, a swaggering pair of ears, and not an inch of hair.

Cleaveland. *If you meet any that do thus attire 'em,*
Stop them; they are the Tribe of Adoniram.

He is an unlucky Bird that us'd formerly to croak about VVestminster-Abbey; and if this Daw were not often cramm'd, you were sure to hear of it in the next Fast-sermon: then would he beat up all his Drums in the Pulpit, and thunder against the ungodly. He's a pious Thief that did so pill the Royalist, that he lookt as bare as a *Scotch Laird* in sackcloth, sitting on the stool of Repentance. He has trimm'd the Cavalier worse then the angry Barbers of *Grays-Inn* use to do a Bayliff of *Middlesex*. His fiery Zeal keeps him continually costive, which withers him into his own Translation; and till he eat a school-man, he's hide-bound: Give him advice, you run into Traditions; and urge a modest course, he cries

cries out, *Counsils.* He dares not be honest, for that loves order; yet, if he can be brought to ceremony, and made but Master of it, he is converted. He's a gilded Pill composed of two vertuous Ingredients, Natural Dishonesty, and Artificial Dissimulation. Women and Lawyers are his best Disciples: the one (next fruit) longs for forbidden Doctrine; the other, to maintain forbidden Titles: both which he sows among them; yet he lives religiously according to outward appearance, and will not revel it in a shoreless excess. He can better afford you ten Lyes, then one Oath; and dare commit any sin guilded with a pretence of sanctity. He had rather see Antichrist, then a picture in a Church-Window; and chuseth sooner to be half hang'd, then see a Leg at the Name of *JESUS*, or an Auditor stand at rehearsing of the *Creed.* He usually makes moving sermons; for most of the people go out of the *Church* before he has done. His *hums* and *ha's* with the help of salvation, consume the best part of the hour; and is of so good discourse, that he dare challenge the *Almighty* to talk with him *Ex tempore.* Besides, he is so sure of his salvation, that he will not change places in heaven with the Virgin *Mary* without boot. He has nick-named all the Prophets and Apostles with his sons, and begets none but Vertues for his daughters. He will be sure to thwart the Bishops, though it be accompanied with an absurdity: like the *Islanders* near adjoyning unto *China*, who salute by putting off their shoes, because the *Chineses* do it by their hats. 'Tis such a creature as *Pliny* ne'er wrote of; and the like was not to be seen in *Noahs* Ark. 'Tis a violent Thing made up of *contradiction:* if he fast on any set day, 'tis certainly

on

on *Sunday*; but he will be ſure to feaſt on *Friday*. His opinion has turned his zeal into madneſs and diſtraction; and out of his blind and uncharitable pride, cenſures and ſcorns others as Reprobates; or out of obſtinacy fills the world with brawlings about undeterminable Tenents: and being once elated with the pride of his Faction, doth ſo contemn all others, that he does infringe the Laws of humane ſociety. He's a ſaint of the new Tranſlation; or if you pleaſe, a ſainted *Salamander*, that lives in the flames of Zeal. A ſtubble-gooſe, that hath fed high in this Harveſt of Reformation: the prime Gandee of the factious flock. An Apocryphal piece of Univerſity-Mummery: a holy Pick-lock, that can open mens conſciences, and pick the purſe of the City with eaſe and dexterity. A Gun-powder Politician, that loves to make Fire-works for the deſtruction of the Loyaliſt. A Divine Squib-crack. The meek man of God, or the hypocrite in grain. An Univerſity-Canker-worm. A grievons Plunderer of the ſaints in *Church*-windows. A right Phariſaical Jew; one that will compaſs ſea and land to make a Proſelyte. A pious Pulpit-Cuffer. A deadly ſpit-fire. Such a ſtubborn lump of ſanctified fleſh, that you may as ſoon perſwade the Scot to forſake his craft, the Jew his avarice, or the Pope St. *Peters* Chair, as the Presbyter to leave off his Fanatick Whimſies. In fine, he is ſo much Knave, that 'tis nonſence to call him Fool.

I could make it appear, how all ſeditions almoſt and rebellions in *Scotland*, have been ſet a foot or fomented by this Government Presbyterian: how neighborly Feuds have been encreaſed and entertained: how monies collected for the relief and ſupport of

of *Geneva*, were by the chief *Gamaliels* and Presbyters interverted, employed to raiſe and pay ſouldiers to aid and aſſiſt the Earl of *Bothwel* and his complices in Rebellion againſt the King. I fear I have wearied you already; the ſubject is everlaſting, and I am weary of it.

If I ſhould give account of the late practiſes and tenets of this late *Covenant*, it were poſſible to let you ſee that it hath far exceeded all the miſchiefs ever their forefathers did, although they tread in the ſame footſteps.

To ſhut up all, give me leave, in the cloſe, to give the Articles of their Apoſtatical Creed inconſiſtent with Monarchy, which they hold as the twelve Articles of the Apoſtolical Symbole. I will touch onely the prime of thoſe; for their other Articles, they are ſo many, and of ſo vaſt an extent abounding in Negatives, that as King *James* ſaith well, *He that would keep them, is not able to retain them in his brain, but muſt keep them in a Table-book.*

The Articles of the Dogmatical Presbyterian Faith inconſiſtent with Monarchy.

Their Dogmatical Creed.

1. THey preach and maintain, that the Church is the houſe of God, the civil policy and Government are onely the hangings.

2. Next they believe, all Miniſters are *pari conſortio honoris & poteſtatis præditi*, that there muſt be a parity in the *Church*. Joyn theſe two together, and you have a fair way for Democracy.

3.

3. They vindicate to themselves and their Consistory, a soveraign, compleat, universal, independent power in all things spiritual that concern salvation: they have not onely the directive power, but the Legislative also; and all temporal things in order to salvation and religion, come within the verge of their Scepter. All soveraign power, whersoever you fix it, (whether in one, as in a Monarchy; or in few, as in an Aristocracy; or in many or all by vicissitudinary turns) have onely the Executive power to do as they command; and is bound to preserve by its power, Laws, and Arms, their sacred and Cœlestial priviledges and soveraignty.

4. Whatsoever Laws civilly enacted by King or Parliament, they conceive to be against the Laws of the Kingdom of Christ; by their native proper intrinsecal right immediately derived from Christ, they may repeal and make void, discharge the subject to obey them. They may decree not onely different Laws of their own from the standing Laws of the Kingdom; but contrary, contradictory and destructive of them. And have withal so much co-active power, that if obedience be denyed to the Laws of this soveraignty, they can destroy the Souls of the subjects, by delivering them over to *Satan*.

5. No Minister preaching in Pulpit sedition or treason, or railing at King, Council, the prime Judges, is accountable, or punishable by King, Parliament, Council, or any Judicatory whatsoever; but from all he may appeal to the *Sanhedrim and Consistory* as the sole and proper competent Judge.

6. What Corroboration or civil Confirmation or Sanction they demand of the King, which he is able

to

to do civilly, (for they will give him no formal intereſt in any ſacred or religious thing) he is bound to grant it, and to obey them as Chriſts immediate Vicegerents: otherwiſe they may excommunicate him.

7. Reformation and preſervation of Religion, eſpecially to preſcribe the way and orders for reformation, is ſolely theirs.

8. The King is bound to put their orders in execution; but if neither He, nor his Council, nor his Parliament will do it, the inferior Judges, the Nobles, the Commons, nay, every individual man to his utmoſt power, at their direction, are bound to do it.

9. That they may without warrant of ſupreme authority, aſſemble where and when they will, for God and Chriſts cauſe, and for the liberty and peace of ſubject and Kingdom in *ordine ad ſpiritualia*; and there they may covenant together, ſwear and ſubſcribe for the glory of God, the advancement of Religion, and conſpire and combine in a mutual defence one of another in this holy Cauſe and League.

10. They teach and maintain, that all ſoveraignty and Majeſty in a King, is originally, immediately and properly derived from the Community, and that onely by way of a fiduciary truſt, ſo that it is habitually and radically ſtill in the people, and the King hath no greater portion or proportion then he hath by the firſt popular fundamental conſtitution: And in caſe of deficiency, the collective body may ſupply in Church or State the defects of his Government. For male-adminiſtration, the King is cenſurable; for enormous errours, he is depoſable; and they may diſinherit his poſterity.

11. That a defensive War is lawful against a bad King, or a weak King seduced by malignant counsel.

12. They may oppose and resist all his Officers and Commissioners by force and violence, if they come to execute his illegal commands: and if he will be so obstinate that he will come in arms against these good Christians, they resist not his authority, but his will; not his office, but his person.

Besides, their practise upon these grounds, is to bring all cases, all causes, under their cognition and judgement: *sub formalitate scandali*, by which the King is robbed of his sacred prerogative, the Judges of their authority, and all subjects of their right and quiet. The rest of their extravagant Maximes inconsistent with Monarchy and the peace of Government, are reduceable to those heads.

Thus not intending hereby to reproach any person particularly whatsoever, I have writ This, but to lay open to the world how dangerous a Government this is, not onely for Monarchy, but for all Governments whatsoever: and that our eyes being opened, we may chuse rather to endure any torment temporary, then to enter into this treacherous and damnable Covenant, destructive to Religion, King, Church, Peace of all, and the liberty of the subject. To swear to these things as established *de jure divino*, and to put on poor people to act treason and rebellion, making them believe they are Confessors and Martyrs. If this gives the Reader any satisfaction, I have what I desire: If he

he doubt of the truth of any thing, I hope I am able to make all here good by faithful and authentick Records or Teſtimony of ſuch as are worthy of r uſt.

God ſave his Church, our King and Realm, from this Scourge; and give us Peace and Truth.

AMEN.

F I N I S.

A

SHORT

HISTORY

Of the

Engliſh Rebellion.

Compiled in VERSE,

BY

MARCHAMONT NEDHAM;

AND

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A

SHORT

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OF THE

English Revolution.

A ſhort

HISTORY

Of the

ENGLISH REBLLION.

WHenas we liv'd in peace (GOD wot)
A King would not content us;
But we, forſooth, muſt hire the Scot,
To *all-be-Parliament* us.

Then down went *King* and *Biſhops* too;
On goes the holy *Wirk*,
Betwixt them and the *Brethren blew*,
T' advance the *Crown* and *Kirk*.

But when that theſe had reign'd a time,
Robb'd *Kirk*, and ſold the *Crown*;
A more religious ſort up climbe,
And cruſh the *Jockies* down.

But now we muſt have *Peace* again,
Let none with fear be vext:

For,

For, if without the King theſe raign,
Then heigh down they go next.

A *Peace*, a *Peace*, the *Country* cries,
Or elſe we ſhall be undone:
For this brave *War* we thank the wiſe
Confiding Men of *London*.

Sure now they may, as well as we,
Know how to value *Quiet*,
When th' Army comes their *Gueſts* to be,
For a twelvemonths *Caſh* and *Diet*.

Free Quarter is a tedious thing,
And ſo is the *Exciſe*.
None can deliver us but the *King*,
From this damn'd *Dutch* Device.

The Parliament hath ſerv'd ſeven years;
True vengeance then we ſee
Upon feign'd *Jealouſies* and *Fears*;
For yet they are not free.

Long *Peace* a Plenty did beget,
And Plenty brought forth Pride;
Through Pride to Faction men were ſet
In Parties to divide.

The new-form'd Prieſts firſt led the way,
And ſaid it was no ſin
By force to drive the King away,
And draw the City in.

The Lords and Commons they conſent
To what each *Rabbi* ſaith;

And

And so the *Catholick* down went,
T' advance the *publick Faith.*

This brought a War and Taxes on,
T' inslave a free-born People:
And now the work is thus far gone,
Next have at *Crown* and *Steeple.*

Our wise *Reformers*, brave and gay,
Have ta'en a goodly course
To *fight*, to *feast*, to *fast* and *pray*,
And *milk* each honest *Purse.*

The Crown's Revenue goes to wrack,
While they sing *Hymns* and *Psalms*;
And rather then themselves will lack,
The King must live on Alms.

We are, the learned *Synod* says,
The Church of *England*'s Nurse,
Who make them bless the *Sabbath-days*,
And all the week to curse.

The *Plough* stands still, and *Trade* is small;
For *Goods*, *Lands*, *Towns*, and *Cities*,
Nay, I dare say, the *Devil* and all,
Pays Tribute to *Committees.*

A *Scot* and *Jesuite* joyn'd in hand,
First taught the World to say,
That *Subjects* ought to have *command*,
And *Princes* to *obey.*

These both agree'd to have *no King*;
The *Scotchman* he cries further,

No Biſhop: 'tis a godly thing
States to reform by Murther.

Then th' *Independent* meek and ſly,
Moſt lowly lies at lurch,
And ſo to put poor *Jocky* by,
Reſolves to have *no Church*.

The *King* dethron'd! the *Subjects* bleed!
The Church hath no abode;
Let us conclude they 're all agreed,
That ſure there is *no GOD*.

Our States-men (though no Lunaticks,
No *Wizards*, nor *Buffoons*)
Have ſhewn a hundred Changeling-Tricks
In leſs then three New Moons.

The Devils foot is cleft (men ſpeak)
And ſo (GOD knows) are they:
The Factions rule by fits, then take
Their turns, and run away.

They vote, unvote, and vote with noiſe
What they cry'd down before,
As ready as if *London*-Boys
Were knocking at the dore.

To day an Independ out-ſide;
And then a Scotch to morrow:
Thus ſhuffle and cut, they do divide
Our Wealth, whilſt we know ſorrow.

O happy Treaſon! See how Wealth
Is made their Heaven! They ſwell

With

With Pride ! and live by Blood and Stealth,
As if there were no Hell !

No *Sadduces* but muſt confeſs,
Thoſe Monſters which are told
In Story, are riſen now no leſs
Prodigious then of old.

Both *Cain* and *Judas* back are come,
In Vizards moſt *divine:*
GOD bleſs us from a Pulpit-Drum,
And a preaching *Catiline.*

They feed upon a Kingdoms Curſe,
And prey upon a King !
The Dev'l provide a ſecond Courſe,
And then a *Voyder* bring.

Now *CHARLES*, thy Conqueſt is compleat,
And all the World ſhall ſee,
That GOD which guides the *Royal Scot*,
Will thy *Avenger* be.

O *Houſe* of *Commons*, *Houſe* of *Lords*,
Amend before *September:*
For 'tis *decreed*, your *Souldiers* ſwords
Shall then you *All-diſmember*.

But like fair *Chapmen*, 'twas well done,
To give you time and day
To caſt accompts; for one by one
They will you ſoundly pay.

The Kingdom all in pieces torn !
Your time is fairly ſpent;

To make your ſelves a very ſcorn,
Your *King* but *Jack-a-Lent.*

Now, now we ſee 'twas for the Crown
The *Houſes* both did fight:
For ſince the *Cavaliers* are down,
They put the *King* to flight.

The *Adjutators* ſtern and proud,
Said, He ſhould have no *Quarter*,
Becauſe he is a *King*; and vow'd
To make the Saint a *Martyr*.

Their Officers cry'd, *Hail, O King*;
The reſt made mocks and ſcorns;
The *Houſes* vinegar did bring;
And all did plat the thorns.

Thus *crucifi'd*, Great *CHARLES* did live
As dead, is gone away:
For *Reſurrection*, GOD will give
A new *Cor'nation day*.

Rouze up! *King Charles* hath miſt the ſnare
Laid for his Royal Feet:
Let th' *Adjutators* now take care
Each for his *Winding-ſheet*.

The *Army* rendezvouzed are,
And do they know not what;
The Scots and they, are like to jar:
Let us thank GOD for that.

The *Houſes* know not what to think;
The *City's horn-madded be*:

They

They muſt be whipt until they ſtink:
A joyful ſight to ſee!

Thus *Cavaliers* caſt up your Caps,
And tell the *Rebels* plain,
That *Charles*, in ſpight of all their traps,
Shall ſhortly rule again.

For *Liberty*, and *Priviledge*,
Religion, and the *King*,
We fought; But, O! the *Golden Wedge!*
That is the onely *Thing*.

There lies the *Cream* of all the *Cauſe*;
Religion is but *Whig*;
Pure *Priviledge* eats up the *Laws*,
And cries, For *Kings a Fig*.

The *Houſes* may a *Chriſtmas* keep,
The *Countrymen* a *Lent*,
The Citizens (like ſilly ſheep)
Muſt faſt, and be content.

Then where is Liberty, (I pray)
With *Juſtice*, *Truth* and *Right*?
Sure they and *Conſcience* fled away
With *Charles*, to th' *Iſle of Wight*.

Gape, gape for *Peace*, poor *Countrymen*;
The Members mean to treat:
And we ſhall ſee fair play agen,
When they no more can cheat.

The *King* ſhall come to *Weſtminſter*,
It may be to his Grave,

Or

Or of a glorious Prince must there
Be made a *Royal Slave*.

But 'twere more wise to let him reign
Out of his *Peoples* sight,
For fear he should bring Peace again,
And put them in a fright.

Sure *Martin* lay in of a *Clap*,
And *Say* himself did dote;
The *Devil* too, wore a sick Cap,
When th' *Houses* past this Vote.

Come let us live, and laugh away
The follies of this age;
Treason breeds care; we'll sing and play
Like birds within a cage.

Fetters are th' onely favors now
The *Houses* give (we see)
And since the *King* them wears, I vow,
'Twere baseness to be free.

Then let us all our sorrows drown
In *Sack* and merry *Glee*:
Ye *Citizens* of *London*-town,
What jolly Slaves are we!

For *Common-prayer*, ye have *Excise*,
Free-quarter too is coming
To pay you for your *Mutinies*,
Feasts, *Covenants*, and *Drumming*.

No *Puritan*, no *Popish Priest*,
Nor *Prot'stant* now shall be;

Nor

Nor *Law*, but to live as we liſt,
'Tis *Heaven* thus to be free.

Could *Babylons* great King now ſit
In Counſel with our Nation,
He were the onely man to fit
Us with a *Reformation*.

The glorious *Golden-Idol* then
Might ſhine in each *Dominion*;
Both *Factions* and their *Brethren*
Would ſoon be *one-opinion*.

Away, thou *Pagan-Cavalier*,
This *God* muſt not be thine;
But for the *Saints* at *Weſtminſter*,
Whoſe ſouls are more divine.

Live, drink, and laugh, our *Worthies* may,
And kindly take their fills;
The *Subiects* muſt their reckonings pay,
The *King* muſt paſs their *Bills*.

No *Princes* now, but they; the *Crown*
Is vaniſht with our Quiet;
Nor will they let us uſe our own
Devotions and *Diet*.

All *Plums* the *Prophets ſons* deſie,
And *Spice-broths* are too hot;
Treaſon's in a *December-Pye*,
And *Death* within the *Pot*.

Chriſtmas, farewel; thy day (I fear)
And merry-days are done:

So

So they may keep *Feaſts* all the year,
Our *Saviour* ſhall have none.

O happy *Nation* heretofore,
When Seas our Walls have been!
Unhappy now we ſee no ſhore,
But are all Sea within.

Factions, like *Billows*, rage and toſs,
And *Death* mounts ev'ry *Wave*;
Yet in this *Storm* we are ſo croſs,
We will no *Pilot* have.

Juſt ſuch a *Tempeſt* ſeiz'd upon
Bleſt *Paul*, the *Scripture* ſays,
When he had ſeen no *Sun* nor *Moon*,
Nor *Stars* for many days.

Our *Sun* and *Moon* no beams create,
Our *Stars* diſperſt we ſee:
Such as was his, will be our *Fate*,
We muſt all *ſhipwrackt* be.

A glorious *Prince* this *Parliament*
The *King* ſhould be, did ſwear;
But now we underſtand they meant
In *Heaven*, and not *here*.

Let them invade the *Throne*, and part
His *Crown*, and vote his *Fate*;
Yet know, in each true *Noble Heart*,
He keeps his *Chair of State*.

Princes may be, like other men,
Impriſoned, and kept under

Awhile, as *fire in clouds*, but then
At length appear in *Thunder*.

And, as in hidden *Caves* the *wind*
Sad *tremblings* doth create;
So *Monarchs*, by their own confin'd,
Cauſe *Earthquakes* in the *State*.

Farewel the *Glory* of our *Land*;
For, now the *Free-born Blades*
Our *Lives* and our *Eſtates* command,
And ride us all like *Jades*.

Faith and *Religion* bleeding lie,
And *Liberty* grows faint:
No *Goſpel*, but pure *Treachery*,
And *Treaſon* make the *Saint*.

Oh! 'tis a heavenly *Cauſe* (I trow)
Which firſt baptiz'd the *Round-head*
In *Noble Stafford's Blood!* but now
Muſt on the *Kings* be founded.

Yet know, that *Kings* are *Gods* on earth;
And thoſe which pull them down,
Shall find it is no leſs then Death
To tamper with a *Crown*.

'Tis true, as *Harry Martin* ſaid,
The *Scots* away muſt pack;
The Cov'nant ſhall aſide be laid,
Like an *Old Almanack*.

Come then, and buy my *New*, true, *New*,
New *Almanack* moſt true,

Such *Accidents* of *State* to shew,
The like no *Age* ere knew.

Since that we lost our *King* and *Laws*,
Since *Jealousies* and *Fears*,
Since *Peace*, *pure Truth*, and this *Foul Cause*,
It is full seven years.

Poor *Charles* pursu'd in *Forty one*,
Unking'd in *Forty seven*;
The *Eighth* will place him on his *Throne*,
In *Earth*, or else in *Heaven*.

Three *Kingdoms* brought to a fine pass,
Whilst that our *Saviours* Rule,
The Country is become an *Ass*,
The City but a *Mule*.

Each *University* now pines,
The *Church* may hang and rot;
They banish all our true *Divines*,
The *Lawyers* too must trot.

Come, *Sirs*, more *Sacks* unto the *Mill*,
More *Taxes*, more *Free-quarter*;
'Tis fit our *Laws* be your *bare Will*,
And the *Excise* our *Charter*.

God speed the Plough: plague *Rooks and Crows*,
And send us years more cheap:
For, I am sure, whoever *sows*,
The *Houses* mean to *reap*.

Money, the *Soul* of *Man* and *Wit*,
But yet no *Saint* of mine!

While

While th' *Houſes* vote, and *Synod* ſit,
Thou ne'er ſhalt want a *Shrine*.

Reforming is a dull *Device*,
Dreads nought but ſtrife and rage:
Thou putt'ſt us into *Paradice*,
And bring'ſt the *Golden Age*.

Thou art *Religion*, *God*, and all
That we may call *Divine*:
Thy *Temple* is *Weſtminſter-Hall*,
And all our *Prieſts* are thine.

Tuſh, tell not us the way to *Heav'n*,
Thou juggling *Clergy-Elf*,
That ſett'ſt the world at *ſix and ſev'n*;
Money is *Heav'n* it ſelf.

Betwixt thoſe *Atheiſts* feign'd of old,
And ours, there is no odds;
For, both this one opinion hold,
That *Fear did firſt make Gods*.

Hell now is thought an idle *Dream*
To fright men from their *Crimes*:
Religion but a crafty *Theam*,
Made to *Bug-bear* the *Times*.

The *Bible* and great *Babels Whore*,
May both together burn;
For the *Religious Fit* is o'er
Now they have ſerv'd their turn.

Onely, one *Text* may ſcape their hands,
Since they have ta'en ſuch pains,

To lay their *Lords in Iron Bands*,
And bind their *Kings in Chains*.

Copernicus, thy learned skill
We praiſe, ſince we have found
The truth; for now doth *Heav'n* ſtand ſtill
Whilſt that the *Earth* runs round.

See how the *Wheel* of *Providence*
Back *Old Confuſion* brings!
Caſhires us once more of a *Prince*,
To plague's with *Petty Kings*.

They ſay the *Saints* all rule muſt take,
And others muſt have none:
Their *Priviledge* it is to make
A *Foot-ſtool* of the *Throne*.

The *Laws* o' th' *Land* ſay, *Charles* muſt reign,
And *Conſcience* pleads his *Cauſe*:
But *Conſcience* is a thing moſt vain,
Their *Goſpel* eats up *Laws*.

Never ſuch *Rebels* have been ſeen,
As ſince we led this *Dance*:
So we may feaſt, let *Prince* and *Queen*
Beg *a-la-mode-de-France*.

Let *Conſcience* pine, and cry 'tis ſtrange,
We'll ſay 'tis bravely done,
To make the *King* take in *Exchange*
A *Dungeon* for a *Throne*.

Away with *Juſtice*, *Laws* and *Fear*;
When men reſolve to riſe,

Brave

Brave *Souls* muſt ſcorn all *Scruples* where
A *Kingdom* is the *Prize*.

Then let us what our *Labours* gain,
Enjoy, and bleſs our *Chance*:
Like *Kings* let's domineer and reign
Thus, *a-la-mode-de-France*.

King and *no King*, was once a *Play*,
Or *Fable* on the *Stage*:
But ſee! it is become this day
The *Moral* of our *Age*.

Newcaſtle was the firſt beſt *Scœne*,
Then *Holmby*, *Hampton-court*;
Next, from a *Palace* to a *Den*
Tranſlated, to make ſport.

Each *State-Buffoon* a part did take;
Some plaid the *Fool*, ſome *Knave*;
But ſtill the *Plot* was laid to make
Their *King* a *Royal Slave*.

Brave Actors! we admire your skill;
Your Play none underſtands;
Yet make an *Exit* when you will,
We all ſhall *clap our hands*.

At *Weſtminſter* two wond'rous *Beaſts* *March* 14. 1648.
This day are to be ſeen,
Call'd *Liberty* and *Priviledge*,
(*GOD ſave the King and Queen.*)

Say, *Monſters* ſtrange, what kin are ye
To *Tygers* or the *Lyon*?

For

For shame boast not your *Pedigree*
From the sweet *Sons of Zion.*

This *Liberty* first whelpt the *Cause*;
The *Cause* then lay at lurch,
To gull the *City*, damn the *Laws*,
And quite cashire the *Church.*

But *Priviledge* (O monstrous Thing!)
Eats up poor *Cavaliers*,
Feeds on the *Gentry* and the *King*;
But next have at the *Peers.*

Once more the *Kingdom* lies at *Stake*,
No matter then who wins;
Two *Schismaticks* the *Wagers* make,
And now the *Game* begins.

The *Scots* and *Sects*, two *godly Cheats*,
Debar both *Ace* and *Sice*:
To rook each other with fine *Feats*,
They both bring in false *Dice.*

The first throws for the *Covenant*,
Next who shall *rule* and *sway*:
For *Jocky* now doth swear and rant,
He'll have no more *foul play.*

The Sectaries cry'd, *Have at all*,
When first the *Dice* were thrown;
But rather then the *Scots* shall brawle,
They'll part *stakes* in the *Crown.*

The *Devils* reign is short, though fierce;
Then let our *Musick* sound;

The *Drawers* all the Hogſheads pierce,
And make the *Healths* go round.

Here's a *Health* to the *King* in *Sack*,
To the *Houſes* in *Small-Beer*;
In Vinegar to th' crabbed *Pack*
Of *Prieſts* at *Weſtminſter*.

Next, to revive our fainting States,
Fill out ſome *Aqua vitæ*:
'Twere pity on the *Bridge* ſuch *Pates*
Should meet in a *Committee*.

Let's water th' *Royal Plants* with *Tears*
Of *rich, divine Canary*:
Drink on, *Cav'liers*, t'all *Loyal Peers*;
Then end with *Charles* and *Mary*.

Full forty thouſand *Scots*, by *Vote*,
Muſt viſit us ere long:
Brave *Army* ſure! when ev'ry *Scot*
Is forty thouſand ſtrong!

Though th' *Houſes* have deſerv'd theſe *plagues*,
GOD keep our *Nation* free:
Like *Egypt*, let not us, by *Rags*
And *Vermin* conquer'd be.

For ſhame, for ſhame, call home your *King*,
With Honour let him treat:
His *Nature* is without a *ſting*;
His *Motto*, *To forget*.

Return, return, *Diſloyal Crew*
Of men forſworn: if not,

Ra-

Rather then thus we'll ſtoop to you,
We'll *Idolize* the *Scot*.

Come, *Mahomet*, thy *Turn* is next;
Now *Goſpel*'s out of *date*:
The *Alcoran* may prove *Good Text*
In our new *Turkiſh-State*.

Thou doſt unto thy Prieſts allow
The *ſin* of full four *Wives*:
Ours ſcarce will be content with now
Five *Livings*, and nine *Lives*.

Thy Saints and ours are all alike;
Their *Vertues* flow from *Vice*:
No *Bliſs* they do believe, and ſeek
But an *Earthly Paradice*.

A *Heav'n* on *Earth* they hope to gain,
But we do know full well,
Could they their *glorious ends* attain,
This *Kingdom* muſt be *Hell*.

From Priſon now return the *King*,
The *Queen* and *Prince* from *France*;
For Coſen *Charles* the *Welſh-men* ſing,
And ſtoutly lead the *Dance*.

The *Scotch-Bag-Pipes*, the *Pulpit-Drums*,
And *Prieſts* ſound high and big:
Once more the Cauſe and Cov'nant comes
To ſhew's a *Scotiſh Jig*.

The *Iriſh* will a Voyage take,
To join their force in one;

And

And whilſt they friſk a *Galliard*, make
The *Houſes* ſing, *O Hone.*

Three *Kingdoms* thus muſt dance the *Hay*;
But ere the *Members* run,
We'll ſee they ſhall the Muſick pay,
And then the *Dance* is done.

Seven years by phrentick *Votes* and *Fits*,
Our *Worthies* bore command;
Then did they run out of their *Wits*,
But now out of the *Land.*

No more ſhall they the *City* ride
Like a fine *Golden Aſs*;
The *Navy*'s rigg'd with *Wind* and *Tide*,
They ſtay but for a *Paſs.*

But if they linger long behind,
And keep their *King* in *Bands*,
I'll undertake it ſhall be ſign'd
By a hundred thouſand *Hands.*

For proſp'rous Gales then on the Deep;
Let their *Prieſts prate* and *pray*
By *Order*, and at *Margarets* keep
An *Humiliation-day.*

The Factions now each other rout
With *Jealouſies* and *Fear*:
The *Independents face about*,
The reſt cry, *As you were.*

The *Presbyters* put forth their *Horns*
To guard their *Goods* and *Homes*;

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An *Humiliation-day.*

The Factions now each other rout
With *Jealouſies* and *Fear*:
The *Independents face about*,
The reſt cry, *As you were.*

The *Presbyters* put forth their *Horns*
To guard their *Goods* and *Homes*;

The *She-Militia* likewise scorns
Their *Cocks* should loose their *Combs*.

Then toll (I pray) the *Passing-Bell*
For our new *State-Committee*:
These *monstrous Votes*, which made them swell,
Are cow'd down by the *City*.

Sweet *John-a-Nokes* and *John-a-Styles*,
And worshipful *Jack-Straws*,
Of both the *Junto's*, leave your *Wiles*,
And give's our *King* and *Laws*.

Betwixt two thieves our *Saviour* once
Suffer'd for us, and di'd:
So 'twixt two thievish *Factions*
Our *King* is crucifi'd.

Cæsar, not *Christ*, the ancient *Jews*
Paid tribute of their *Treasure*;
Our *Jews* no *King* but *Christ* will chuse,
And rob, and cry down *Cæsar*.

Now, for the *King* the zealous Kirk
'Gainst th' *Independent* bleats,
Whenas (alas!) their onely wirk
Is to renew *old Cheats*.

If they can *sit*, *vote* what they list,
And crush the new *States* down,
Then up go *They*, but neither *Christ*
Nor *King*, shall have his own.

The *Pox*, the *Plague*, and each Disease,
Are cur'd, though they invade us:

But

But never look for *Health* and *Peace*,
If once *Presbytry* jade us.

When ev'ry *Priest* becomes a *Pope*,
Then *Tinkers* and *Sow-gelders*
May, if they can but 'scape the *Rope*,
Be Princes and *Lay-Elders*.

If once the Kirk-men pitch their *Tents*
With our *Assembly-Asses*,
Synods will eat up *Parliaments*,
Courts be devour'd by *Classes*.

Look to 't, ye Gentry, else, be *Slaves*
To *Slaves* that can't abide ye:
Though ye have been cow'd down by *Knaves*,
Oh! let not *Fools* now ride ye.

But sev'n years of a thousand ('tis)
Our *Saints* must *Rulers* be:
So they shall loose in years of bliss,
Nine hundred ninety three.

No more then let those *Rabbies* trust
Unto the *Revelation*;
For their *Interpreter* is *Lust*,
And *Pride* makes *Application*.

Religion but a Pack-horse is,
To carry on *Designes*;
The *Bible* like a *Jugglers Box*,
Us'd by our *State-Divines*.

Texts are tormented one by one,
Like *Votes*, now here, now there:

Thus *Hocus-Pocus* is out-done
By them at *Weſtminſter*.

The *Banes* are askt, the *Marriage* next
Goes forward in the *City*:
For now the *Match* is made betwixt
Them and the *Sate-Committee*.

Thou Strumpet (*London*) tell not us
Of *Babel* any more;
If from thy *King* thou parteſt thus,
Thou art the greater *Whore*.

Thy *Bags* their *Portion* now are meant,
As well as *Crown* and *Church*;
But when that all is gone and ſpent,
They'll leave thee in the *lurch*.

Thou *Bawd* of *Treaſon*, then for all
Thy curſed *Fornication*,
Thou and thy *Prieſtly Panders* ſhall
Be *Carted* through the *Nation*.

The Market's made; the *King* ſhall *treat*,
(They ſay) and buy his own:
But is not this a very *Cheat*
To ſet the price, a *Crown*?

Alas! the *Members* run by *rote*,
And ſhew us many a *Feat*:
Thus all the year they'll *vote*, *unvote*,
For *Money*, *Cloaths* and *Meat*.

'Tis fit that they uphold their *Trades*,
What ere *Malignants* ſpeak:

So

So they can thrive, the City-Jades
Their Backs and Necks may break.

Poor, *What d' ye lack?* ſmall gains can ſhow,
With many an empty *Shelf*:
The *Houſe* ſpoils *Shops*; 'tis *Aye* and *No*,
That brings in all the *Pelf*.

Rebellion makes our *Nation* bleed
With freſh *Alarms* (we ſee:)
But yet it is not well agreed
Who muſt the *Rebel* be.

The *Round-head* firſt the *Rebel* was,
(If truth be in the *Laws*)
Till *Treaſon* did for *Goſpel* paſs,
To bolſter up the *Cauſe*.

The thriving *Cauſe* with high diſdain,
In *Fortunes* full *Career*,
Throws *Rebel* in the face again
Of *King* and *Cavalier*.

Thus *Proſp'rous miſchief* makes it good
Againſt all *Law* and *Reaſon*:
Not to ſpill *Royal*, *Loyal Blood*,
But, *to be conquer'd's Treaſon*.

Five months ago, our mighty *States* *June*
Were pleas'd to vote *No King*; 20. 1648.
But two months ſince, to act new *Cheats*,
Their *Votes* the *Changes* ring.

'Tis time the *Bells* of *Weſtminſter*
Chime *Backwards*, and retire

To

To quench the *Flame*, whenas we hear
The *Kingdom*'s all on fire.

But yet (it seems) they make a *stand*,
And cry it is no matter:
What need they care for *Fire* on *Land*,
Whose Journey lies by *Water*?

GOD send them *Ships*, fair Winds and Tide,
With *Passage* quick and good;
Or else I fear (to scourge our pride)
They'll swim through *Seas of Blood*.

The *Holy War* goes on apace,
Yet brings the *Saints* no *Pay*:
In triumph now they ne'er say *Grace*,
But onely *Fast* and *Pray*.

They many an hungry *Conquest* get,
But no *Thanksgiving* Dinners:
The *City* knows they scorn to eat
With *Publicans* and *Sinners*.

The *Members* cannot spare one *Meal*;
Their *Bags* lie *seal'd* in Town:
What though they broke the *Kings great Seal*,
They'll not undo their own?

The Country bids them starve, or hang,
They'll be no more kept under:
The *Cavaliers* will soundly bang
Them all, and spoile their *Plunder*.

Reformation, thou *Stalking-Horse*
Of our *Hip-shotten State*,

Th'

Th' *Appendix* of the *Publick Purse*,
And *Midwife* of our Fate!

'Twas *Thou*, and *Beldame-Conscience* first,
That set the world a *madding*;
And you your selves, like *Cain* accurst,
Have ever since been *gadding*.

Pox take th' *unlucky Cause*, for me,
It is a wild *Vagary*;
The *Bane* of *Boon Society*:
For that first rais'd *Canary*.

Poor *Sinners* now must *snap a crust*;
Ye *deadly Sev'n*, farewel:
For since y'are all Excis'd, we must
Pay dear to purchase *Hell*.

What, though the *Factions* are agreed
The *Kingdom* still to *cheat*?
Do what they can, it is decreed
The *King* shall come and *treat*.

Come from the *Dungeon* to the *Throne*,
(*Great Charles*) and quell the rage
Of th' Iron world; with *Thee* alone
Revives the *Golden Age*.

Those very Saints, which joy'd thy *Fall*,
And said thy day was done,
Will now like *Persian-Pagans*, all
Adore the *Rising-Sun*.

No more wrapt up in Clouds remain,
Secluded from the *Nation*:

May

May *Thou* and *Thine* ſhine bright, and r[illegible]
A *Glorious Conſtellation.*

It is decreed (*Great Prince*) thy *Fate*
Shall check their damned *Plots*;
Though *London* jade it for the *State*,
And bandies at the *Scots*.

The *Presbyters* now fain would ride,
And ſhew us t' other *Feat*;
Therefore to quell the *Saints* high pride,
They ſay the *King* ſhall *treat*.

Were he in their hands, the *Town's their own*,
The *Houſes* too muſt work,
To *vote* the *Independents* down,
And mount the Raſcal-*Kirk*.

Away, ye *juggling*, palty *Crew*
Of well-affected *Knaves*;
Rather then free your *Sov'raign*, you
Your ſelves will live like *Slaves*.

Stand to 't, ye *Lords*, we'll ſtand to you,
And clip the *Commons* wings:
Let not the *Lev'ling Raſcal-Crew*,
Thus domineer like *Kings*.

The *Lower* is the *Upper-Houſe*,
And hath been ſo ſeven years:
Your *Votes* they value not a *Lowſe*,
Ye *Antichriſtian Peers*.

They give you many a *Ratling Peal*,
And bait you one by one;

For

For ſhould a *Treaty* take, their *Zeal*
And *Saintſhips* are undone.

My *Lords*, of *Gotam*, not of *Greece*,
Your *wiſdoms* I ſhall ſing;
And ſell you all for *pence apiece*,
If you reject your *King*.

No *Camel* like the *London* breed,
To *drudge*, *pray*, *pay*, and *feaſt*;
In *Body*, and in *Purſe* to bleed:
O'tis a *patient Beaſt!*

If you'll needs pray, pray ſtay at home;
Tell *GOD* your ſad condition:
'Tis *Popiſh* to the *Saints* to come
And put up your *Petition*.

This wondrous *Idol* of the *States*,
The Stomach hath of *Bell*:
Like *Moloch* it *Mankind* doth eat,
And quick devours like *Hell*.

As th' *Horſe-Leech* (*Give*) it ever cries,
And rages like the *Dragon*;
As the old *Serpent* it is wiſe.
But it muſt fall like *Dagon*.

Would you know why the *Plague* hath ceas't
Theſe laſt ſev'n years now ſpent?
Becauſe GOD knows no greater *Peſt*
Than this ſame *Parliament*. 1648.

How many thouſands hath it ſwept
Of *Bodies*, *Souls*, and *Gold*!

King, *Church*, and *People* (none except)
Have all been *bought* and *sold*.

Our merry *Pipes*, for *Trumpets* shrill;
Our *Tabers* chang'd to *Drums*;
Princes are brav'd by *Jack* and *Gill*,
Wat Tilers, and *Tom Thums*.

'Tis time those *Bags*, which caus'd the *War*,
Should make the *war* to cease;
For the *States Musick* is to jar,
But our best *Musick's Peace*.

Now shall the *King* enjoy his own;
And that new Vertue, *Treason*,
Whereby the *Saints* do claim the *Crown*,
Be baffled with high *Reason*.

Great *Charles*, thy *Vertues* I desire,
Not *Solomons*, nor his *Stores*;
For who can tell most to admire
His *wisdom* or his *whores*?

His *Vices* so eclips'd his *Grace*,
That wranglers cannot tell,
Whether as yet they may him place
In *Heaven*, or in *Hell*.

But all that was in him *Divine*,
And more, to *Thee* is giv'n;
That where so many *Graces* shine,
A *Prison* must be *Heav'n*.

Another *Blow*! will not the *Scot*,
And Loyal *English* do?

Sure,

Sure, *Jove* himself is of the *Plot*,
An *Independent* too.

Is he a *King*, and will he see
Rebels assault the *Crown*?
Had they but hands to reach, 'tis he
Should next resigne his own.

Is he a *God*? and shall this *Tribe*
Go on as they begin?
Atheists will say, They do him bribe
For *Privileedge* to *sin*.

If these be *Saints*, 'tis vain indeed
To think there's *Good* or *Evil*.
The *world* will soon be of this *Creed*,
No God, *no King*, *no Devil*.

Of all those *Monsters* which we read
In *Africk*, *Inde*, or *Nile*,
None like to those now lately bred
Within this wretched *Isle*.

The *Cannibal*, the *Tygre* fell,
Croc'dile and *Sycophant*;
The *Turke*, the *Jew*, and *Infidel*,
Make up an *English Saint*.

By these were *Lisle* and *Lucas* crown'd;
Two *Worthies*, both great and good:
For *Men*, *Arts*, *Arms*, were all here drown'd
I' th' *Deluge* of their blood.

The Trump of *Fame*'s too low and weak,
That of the *General Doom*

Is onely fit their praise to speak,
The *World* to be their *Tomb*.

The Treaty holds; and some men are
Convinc'd the *Wars* will cease:
Fond *Folk!* To think the Men of *War*
Will e'er endure a *Peace*.

Go, bid the *Scot* quit *English* Ground,
The *Swede* the *German* Air;
Holland obey the *Spanish* Crown,
The *Pope* leave *Peter*'s Chair.

Woo the great *States-man* to his *Grave*,
Preach *Gospel* to the *Jews*;
To *Turks*, that *Mahomet*'s a Knave,
Platonick Love to Stews.

Let *Citizens* loath sacred things,
Presbyters pride and ease;
When these are done, make *Saints* love *Kings*,
And then we may have *Peace*.

See in what glory *Charles* now sits,
With *Truth* to conquer *Treason*;
And prove he is the *King* of *Wits*,
The *World*, *Himself*, and *Reason*.

Angels bear witness, *GOD* looks down,
The *Graces* too attend;
Sure, none but *Devils* then will frown
Upon a blessed end.

Ten hundred thousand *Loyal Hearts*,
All bleeding at his *Fate*;

As many Wishes from all parts
Flie round his *Chair* of State.

Come then, ye dirty, *Sainted Elves*,
Worse then *Church-window* paint:
By this fair *Glass* abhor your selves,
Learn here to be a *Saint*.

The *King* the four great *Bills* must pass,
And none but *Saints* be free:
Th' *Irish* and *Cavaliers* (alas!)
Must th' onely *Rebels* be.

New *Lords*, new *Laws*, new *Saints* are we;
Religion's in fine pickle,
When 'tis resolv'd the *Church* shall be
A three-years *Conventicle*.

Militia too, they needs must gain,
Those pretty carnal *Tools*:
For *Pauls* old *Weapons* they disdain,
As fit for none but *Fools*.

Thus *Royally Charles* lets to *Lease*,
Lays *Sword* and *Scepter* down,
To shew he values *Us* and *Peace*
Above a glorious *Crown*.

Give me the *Dragons Gall* for *Ink*,
His *sting* to be my *Pen*,
To blast the *Scot*, and make him stink
Worse then the *Dregs* of men.

See now the *Reformation-Work*,
For which they made us bleed,

Is

Is to cashire *King*, *Church* and *Kirk*,
On this and that side *Tweed*.

Let them with *Egypts* plagues be crost,
Yet still find new and worse;
And since I have *Jobs* patience lost,
Give me his skill to *curse*.

At *Rome* and *Hell* may they ever dwell;
And for quick passage thither,
As they have *juggled* all full well,
So may they *hang* together.

Let me be *Turk*, or any thing
But a *Scotch Calvinist*:
First, he damn'd *Bishops*; next, his *King*;
Now he cashires his *Christ*.

Gude faith, *Sir*, they the *Pulpit* bang,
But let their *Gospel* down;
For, the old *Saviour* needs must gang
Now a new one's come to *town*.

The *Saints*, whom once their mouths did *curse*,
Dear *Brethren* are, and *Friends*:
Which proves their *Zeal* a *Stalking-horse*
For *Knavish-godly* ends.

Then rail no more at *Antichrist*,
But learn ye to be *civil*:
And since ye have king *Crommel* kist,
Shake hands too with the *Devil*.

Since they have damn'd all *Saints* of old,
No *new* shall be for me:

Like

Like *Jews*, they worship *Gods* of *Gold*,
Their *King* they crucifie.

Were he the *King* of *Kings*, his *Crown*
Could not be safe from *Foes*:
Like *Jesuites*, they no *Gospel* own,
But *Murther* and *Depose*.

Like *Turks*, their *Heav'n* lies all in *Sence*,
In *wenches*, *Tarts* and *Golly*:
No *Hell* they fear, when parted hence;
They serve no *God*, but *Belly*.

All this, and more, (by *Jove*) is true,
If they the *Treaty* cease,
To juggle with the *Lev'lling* Crew
That cry, *No King*, *No Peace*.

No *Lord*, no *Knight*, no *Gentleman*,
For *Honours* now are Crimes:
The *Saints* will form us (if they can)
All to the *Prim'tive times*.

Brave days, when *Adam* was a King
Without *Crown*, *Lands*, or *Riches*!
So, stript of *Royal Robes*, they'll bring
Great *Charles* to *Fig-leave Breeches*.

Princes with *Plowmen* rankt shall pass;
Ladies, like the first *Woman*,
Must spin, or else be turn'd to Grass,
Now all things are in *common*.

Thus *Covenanting*, and *Levelling*,
Three *Kingdoms* have o'erthrown,

And made *all fellows* with their *King*,
A *Foot-ball* of the *Crown*.

Tell me, thou *Presbyterian Ass*,
Why thou at first didst jar:
Thy peevish *Plea* (No Bishops) was
The first ground of the War.

Next, to thy shame, thou didst combine
With the Sectarian Routs;
Our *Charles* should be no *King* of thine,
Or but a King of *Clouts*.

Both *King* and Bishops thus exil'd,
The Saints not yet content:
Now with fresh flames of *Zeal* grow wild,
And cry, *No Parliament*.

Well may we then this Maxime prove,
Treason no end can know,
But levels at the *Gods* above,
As well as those below.

Hark, how for Peace the *Kingdom* groans,
That warr'd they knew not why!
Yeild then, or else the very *stones*
Will out against you cry.

For shame, ye *Bastard-Saints*, give o'er,
Or else the world will think
Your Mother is great *Babels* Whore,
If blood you love to drink.

The State's grown fat with *Orphans* Tears,
Whilst *widows* pine and moan;

And

And *tender Conscience* in sev'n years,
Is turn'd t' a heart of *stone.*

Return, hard hearts, the *Treaty* ends,
Our breasts with *Hope* do swell;
Your *Bags* are full, then let's be friends,
Or bid the *World Farewel.*

No *Gods* above, nor *Gods* below,
Our *Saints* (I see) will own;
Allegiance is *Rebellion* now,
Treason to wear a *Crown.*

Nor *King* nor *Parliament* will please,
'Tis *Gospel* to rebel:
Nay, they'll *Remonstrate* against *Peace*,
Be it in *Heav'n* or *Hell.*

Pluto, beware, (to thee they com e
When here their work is done:)
For they'll break loose, and beat up *Drum*,
And storm thee in thy *Throne.*

Then *John-a-Leyden*, *Nol*, and all
Their goblin ghostly *Train*,
(Brave *Rebel-Saints* triumphant) shall
Begin their second *Reign.*

Brave *Reformation!* now I see
London's a blessed place,
To find the *Saints* their *Quarters free*,
And nurse the *Babes of grace.*

Oh, may they suck, and drain them quite,
Whose thousands caus'd these Curses;

For the *tame Slaves* will never fight
Till they have empty *Purses*.

Come then, ye lowsie wanton *Wags*
Of fainted *Chevalry*,
And free their poor condemned *Bags*
That groan for *Liberty*.

March on, boon *Blades*, here's store of Cash,
Their King they will not pity:
Then spur them on, and soundly lash
These *Dull-men* of the *City*.

Dull *Cuckolds!* we are dainty *Slaves*,
And well may be content,
When *thirty Fools*, and *twenty Knaves*,
Make up a *Parliament*.

They banish all men in their *Wits*,
Vote *King*, *Lords*, all *Offenders*;
And authorize the phrentick Fits
Of our long-sword *State-Menders*.

'Tis *Nol*'s own *Brew-house* now, I swear;
The *Speaker*'s but his *Skinker*:
Their *Members* are, like th' *Council* of War,
Car-men, *Pedlers*, and *Tinkers*.

Fine *Journey-Junto!* pretty *Knack!*
None such in all past Ages!
Shut shop; for, now the *godly Pack*
Will next pay you your *Wages*.

Gone are those Golden Days of yore,
When *Christmas* was an *High-day*,

Whose

Whoſe ſports we now ſhall ſee no more;
'Tis turn'd into *Good-Friday*.

Now, when the *King of Kings* was born,
And did *ſalvation* bring,
They ſtrive to crucifie in ſcorn
His *Vice-Roy*, and their *King*.

Since th' ancient *Feaſt* they have put down,
No new one will ſuffice;
But the choice *Dainties* of a *Crown*,
Princes in *ſacrifice*.

No Powers are ſafe, *Treaſon*'s a Tilt,
And the mad *Sainted-Elves*
Boaſt when the *Royal Blood* is ſpilt,
They'll all be *Kings* themſelves.

Like jolly *Slaves*, ye goodly *Knaves*,
We'll bid th' old year *Adieu*:
Old *Sack*, and things muſt paſs away,
And ſo ſhall all your new.

Now for a *No-King*, or a *New*;
For th' old, they ſay, ſhall pack;
The *new* may ſerve a year to view
Like an old *Almanack*.

New *Houſes*, new; for, th' old ones dote,
And have been thrice made *Plunder*;
The Saints do vote, and act by *rote*,
And are a *Nine-days-wonder*.

Then let us chear, this merry New-year;
For *Charles* ſhall wear the Crown:
'Tis a *damn'd Cauſe*, that damns the Laws,
And turns all up-ſide down.

FINIS.